CORONET

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APRIL, 1938

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IN GREAT BRITAIN 2/6

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CORONET

for

APRIL

1938

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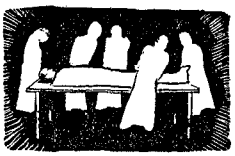
SACK-'EM-UP-MEN

THE NEFARIOUS ART OF BODY SNATCHING: A SUPPRESSED CHAPTER IN MEDICAL ANNALS



ONE frosty twilight early in the century just gone by, a man dressed in the bombazine cloak and weeds of a mourning widow, wandered drearily among the graves of a country churchyard near the Scotch city of Edinburgh.

Apparently he was sunk in a desolation of grief. But beneath the feminine poke bonnet his eyes were alert, noting the position and appearance of a new-made grave near the churchyard wall, and above everything on the lookout for traps. The country folk hereabouts had a naïve habit of loading a blunderbuss with nails and broken glass, and attaching it to a network of wires tangled into the loose earth atop a fresh grave. They had their reasons.

Satisfied that this particular mound had no such protection, the facsimile widow finally left in the direction of a near-by tavern to report.

Late that night two men vaulted the churchyard wall and cautiously made their way among the tombs to the new grave, guided by marks provided by the "widow" of the afternoon. They carried a "horne lanthorne," a crowbar beaten into a sharp hook at the end, ropes, a large canvas sheet and an empty sack; also a queer flat wooden shovel apiece. They lighted the lantern and unfolded the sheet.

Of the two men, the chief was Dr. Robert Liston of London and Edinburgh, then on his way to become one of Britain's foremost figures in surgery and anatomy. His companion was Ben Crouch, London prizefighter, gangster and notorious grave-robber; also Liston's constant companion on these cemetery forays.

This ill-matched pair fell swiftly to work. A few twigs and pebbles were carefully removed from the top of the grave, to be replaced afterward, as they might have been put there to reveal any such tampering as was now under way. The canvas sheet was spread around the edges of the grave to keep the sod from telling tales. With the spades, whose wooden construction would deaden any sound, a small hole was burrowed deep into the head of the grave. Then the hooked crowbar was lowered, and its point forced under the bared end of

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the coffin lid, which snapped in two under the weight of the remaining earth.

Next the rope was lowered and noosed around the neck of the corpse. With a final straining heave the great surgeon and the gangster hoisted their prize to the surface—a young woman not three days buried, and preserved by the winter's cold. She was swiftly denuded and thrust into the sack. The shroud and every splinter of the coffin lid were thrown back into the grave, which was refilled and the slightest trace of violation obliterated. Tools were gathered, Crouch swung the heavy sack on his back, and the two grave-robbers were over the churchyard wall in less than two hours from their arrival.

This account dramatizes one of the strangest alliances between crime and culture that the story of human endeavor contains—that of the Resurrectionists, or Body Snatchers, or Sack-'em-up-Men, as they were variously called, with the dignified profession of Medicine. It lasted in England nearly a century before coming to a most melodramatic end, and in our country well over a century. Within the memory of Americans living today, the Sack-'em-up-Man was indispensable to our medical colleges, and tag-ends of his activities still remain.

On this unholy alliance rests the vast and life-giving science of medicine today. For a century the medical scientists united with the racketeer, but it was a most unwilling union, and the doctors had no pride in it. Their dilemma was that by law and by public sentiment they were held accountable for their patients' well-being, and then forbidden by harsher laws and sterner pulpit sentiment to take the only rational step to meet this high responsibility—the study of the human body by actual dissection.

Body snatching was a racket in every modern sense of the word. There were the "Big Shots" who controlled the gangs, and murdered each other over disputed markets. There was the illicit connivance of Respectable Business. The racketeers in the different cities knew each other, developed secret trade practices, and violently discouraged outside competition.

The bewilderment of the citizens finds a poet's voice in an American street song during the Revolution:

> The body snatchers! They have come
> And made a snatch at me;
> It's very hard them kind of men
> Won't let a body be!
>
> Don't go to weep upon my grave,
> And think that there I be;
> They haven't left an atom there
> Of my anatomy!

A succession of national scandals abruptly ended the orgy of grave robbing shortly after 1828. A Liverpool sea captain investigated the smells coming from casks of "bitter salts," consigned to Leith for transhipment

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to Edinburgh. His discoveries led to the startled examination of similar casks in a Liverpool warehouse. Twenty-two dead bodies were found, in casks or awaiting packing, that had been collected up and down the Irish channel for shipment by sea to the Scottish coast.

These macabre doings at last aroused the ponderous English Parliament. In 1832, laws were passed permitting authorized medical colleges and teachers to receive, for educational purposes, the bodies of executed criminals and unidentified persons, those of unclaimed paupers, and any who expressed their willingness that their bodies after death should be so used. Body snatching as a racket disappeared. The Sack-'em-up-Men dropped their sacks and hooked crowbars, and returned to their standard avocations of murder, burglary and kidnaping. In another generation, the practice had become a lost art among British medical students.

Though resurrection as a fine art was dead in England, it was only off to a good start in our own land. We were a new country in 1830. The medical profession was struggling for life and medical colleges were scarce; so the body of students and young doctors supplied their own dissection material by aping the customs of England, just as in most matters medical.

A University of Pennsylvania story is credited to the post-Civil War period. Three students went out one night in a two seated conveyance to a

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suburb where a funeral was known to have just taken place. They came back after midnight with their booty seated upright in the back seat, wrapped in a heavy overcoat to give it a natural appearance. On the way in they stopped at a wayside tavern for a drink and there encountered two of their classmates. The latter suspected that a sack-'em-up expedition was afoot. They went out to investigate while the raiders were still drinking, found the corpse and removed it. Then one of them put on the concealing overcoat and seated himself stiffly in the back seat. Soon the raiders returned and set their course for Philadelphia. On the outskirts the cadaver's companion in the rear seat, swung his arms, exclaiming,

"God, it's a cold night!"

From the supposed corpse in the overcoat came a sepulchral voice,

"You'd be glad of it, if you'd been where I came from!"

With a wild yell, the three students leaped overboard and sprinted for Philadelphia. The horse was found wandering the outskirts next morning, still towing the empty carriage. The story spread around to pester the three culprits for the remainder of their college days, but the fate of their silent companion was always a mystery: probably the students who restole him could solve it if they would.

This ruse of taking a four-seated carriage, with three muffled figures outward bound and four on the return trip was a common English custom, and was plainly borrowed from there. There are many other instances significant of the English traditions. In 1878, a Richmond, Virginia, station master was terrified to discover that a number of oil barrels on his platform contained bodies for shipment to the University of Virginia. A frantic check-up on the graveyards revealed one which had been despoiled by *digging small holes at the head of the graves, breaking the coffins with a crowbar, and hoisting the bodies out with a rope.*

Virginia medical students earlier involved their state in unpleasant retribution by snatching the body of John Brown's son, killed in the Harper's Ferry raid, and letting the fact leak out. The later Yankee invaders found it hard to forgive this.

Until very recent times, America never has been free of the menace of the body snatcher, because we always had frontier states in which primitive conditions were bound to reproduce themselves. Thus in Cincinnati, Louisville and St. Louis the Sack-'em-up Men thrived after more civilized laws in the East made it possible for self-respecting teachers to discourage the practice. They began when the Ohio Medical College was founded in the 1830's. In one of this institution's several reorganizations, it was proudly announced to the public that in order to save the students from the obliquity of body snatching, the college had added professional Resurrectionists to its staff!

The most serious of America's suppressed body snatching scandals arose

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in Cincinnati about 1885, when the body of Senator Harrison, father of the next President of the United States turned up, some three days after his funeral, on the dissecting table of an obscure medical college. The future President located and reclaimed the body. The true facts about the theft, or how Benjamin Harrison got the information, probably never will be known.

The Sack-'em-up-Man is now a part of history. Occasionally, to be sure, some isolated local practitioner visits a graveyard at night to reshine his rusting knowledge, and once in a while a medical student becomes more enthusiastic over his art than the law allows. The most recent case that this chronicler has any knowledge of occurred three years ago, when a Southern student borrowed a head from a near-by cemetery. He was betrayed by a curious fatality. The head proved to have been once the property of his janitor's father. It was identified, and the student graduated by request.

In general, however, the reader of this narrative can rest secure that his own funeral will be a permanent affair. Let us remember, however, that we are the first Anglo-Saxons in two centuries to have this blessed assurance. Let us be thankful for this also, for if those restless dead had not helped to educate our medical forebears, many who read this would have been inspiring the cabbages, as Mark Twain puts it, long ago.

—Edward M. Barrows

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THE CHAMP

HIS RECORD WAS UNBLEMISHED, MOSTLY BECAUSE YOU CAN'T GET KNOCKED OUT BY DIRECT-MAIL

FOR a few moments I just stood there in the middle of the road and listened, and it seemed funny to be breathing fresh air and not smell sweat and liniment and dead cigar smoke. The rhythmic pounding seemed to drown out the odd little quiet noises of the country, and I left the road and walked toward the houses to see who the hell was punching the bag out in these peaceful backwoods. I passed an awkward white farm house, and walked through a scattered flock of chickens till I came to the small red barn. Over the door was a crude hand painted sign: TRAINING QUARTERS.

The wide door was open and I saw a ring and a shiny black leather heavy bag and a big fellow punching the light bag. I stood in the doorway, watching him, and he had on quite a ring outfit. The shirt was a bright red, the trunks were purple with bright gold edging, and a silver sash went around his waist and ended up as a dainty tassel near his knees. There were three big letters, JKC, also in gold, on the side of his trunks. He had on regular ring shoes and they were badly worn. He was a regular farmhand type, big and powerful and clumsy looking. He wasn't marked and he didn't look like a youngster; maybe just over thirty.

His bag punching was pretty neat and fast. While I watched an alarm clock went off, and he stopped and shadow-boxed and he looked terrible. He didn't know what to do with his hands or feet. The bell rang again and he stopped and turned around and saw me. I said: "Good morning. I heard the sound of your bag punching as I passed by and . . ."

"You're that newspaper man that's staying up at Rendell's farm for the summer, ain't you?" His voice had a pleasant nasal twang to it.

"Yes, but only for two weeks. And they're just about up."

"Well, I'm glad you came over here," he said, taking off his punching bag gloves and shaking hands. He had on the thick green, old-style, bandages around his big hands. "I kind of figured you'd be over sooner or later. Wait a second, I don't want to get cold." He put a towel around his neck and put on a bathrobe that put the

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rest of his outfit to shame. The robe was a dazzling yellow, with the name JOHN K. COTE in red on the back. He motioned for me to sit down on a battered old chair and he pulled up another chair and sat down and said: "Now we can talk."

I sat down and neither of us spoke and then I said: "You have quite an outfit here," and I pointed to the ring and the heavy bag and the chest weights on the wall.

"Over five hundred dollars worth, not counting the express charges," he said proudly. "I bet Dempsey never had a ring suit like mine, here."

"I don't think he ever did. It's a fine suit."

"I bought it when I became champ."

I said: "Been champ long?"

"About four years this March."

"Heavyweight?"

"Nope, light heavyweight champion, mister."

I didn't say anything and he said: "One hundred and seventy-three pounds and always in shape." He looked heavier.

"What are you champ of?" I asked, finally.

"Well, I could be champion of the world, and in a way I guess I am. They had a picture of a fellow in India that took the course, and people all over the world are taking the course and I'm champion of the course. See, look at this." He took an envelope out of his pocket and carefully opened it. It was a copy of a letter from one of the numerous correspondence courses in boxing. It said that they were very happy to inform him that he had been chosen light-heavyweight champion of the correspondence school, and that they wished him the greatest success.

"That there is just a copy. Had a friend of mine who has a typing machine write it out for me. I got the real letter framed. It's hanging in the house." His voice had the confident but modest ring of all great people, and I wondered if he was crazy.

"Have you had the greatest success? Like they wished you in the letter?" I said, giving him back the copy.

"Well, yes and no," he said slowly. "I got this fine outfit and I'm still champ, but I ain't ever fought."

"You never had a fight?"

"Sometimes I box a little with the hands around here, but usually they ain't got much time for fooling about. And they don't know the rules of the game so good; when I hit them they get mad and start to wrestling and I ain't a wrestler, but a boxer," he said without cracking a smile.

"I'm surprised that a man of your ability doesn't go to New York and pick up some change. Make a lot of money as a real champion, I mean that Louis, for example, has made over a million dollars."

"I can beat Louis."

"Ever seen him fight?" I asked.

"I ain't ever been to a fight except once. I went clear over to Margetville to see the pictures of Louis fighting that big Italian fellow."

"Carnera. He's an awful big man."

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"That's the fellow. Of course, anybody can beat him—he's wide open—but after looking at the pictures, I figure that I can beat this here Louis, even though I'm only a light heavyweight. Now I was watching him close, and I noticed that he uses his right a lot. He's got a good jab, but his right is his main weapon. But to a man like me, that understands boxing, a right don't mean anything. I learned at the school, that the way to beat a right is to shoot over a left. And I got a very powerful and fast left. It's my best hand. Look at this." He stood up and carefully took off his robe and hung it on a nail, and then he put on his gloves and walked over to the heavy bag. "Watch the scale," he said, motioning towards the wall. He had an ordinary ten pound scale attached to the wall, and a big heavy coil spring attached to the front of the scale. He drew back his left and let go an eager round house swing that a drunk could have ducked. It made a loud wham as it hit the big bag and sent it bouncing back against the spring. The scale registered eight pounds. He looked disappointed.

"I can make it go to ten pounds at times," he said, putting on his robe and sitting down.

"That your own invention?"

"Yes. I wanted to know how hard I could hit and if my punching was improving. I got the idea from a machine I saw in a penny game place in the city once. You see what a left I have? If I was in the ring with Louis, if we two champs met, all I'd have to do would be to wait till he threw his right and then hit him with my ten-pound left and I would win."

"It sounds all right."

"That's how it would work," he said calmly.

"It's a good thing for Louis that you don't challenge him."

"Well, the truth is, mister, I been thinking about going to the city and going after Louis and some of those other fighters. But you see I got my farm and my wife's folks left her a little money. My wife don't want me to fight, and if I did make all that money, what could I do but buy a bigger farm and this one is big enough. So you see, ain't much sense of me going after Louis. But I been thinking about it."

"Maybe you're right." I looked at my wrist watch and stood up. "Almost lunch time and the Rendells expect me back."

He said wait a minute and went over to a makeshift table in the back of the barn. I stood in the doorway and looked over at the farm house and there was a woman and a little kid watching us from the window.

He came back and gave me a postal-card size photo of himself. He was wearing his ring outfit and it was too bad that the picture wasn't in colors. He had a terrible scowl on his big face, and the background was a screen of heavy clouds and dark sky.

"Thanks a lot," I said, and took out my pen. "Would you mind signing it?"

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"Sure," he said, pleased. He wrote, "Yours sincerely, John K. Cote, Champion."

I thanked him again and he said: "Say, do you really think I ought to go after Louis? I'm getting a little old and this daily training is starting to kind of tire me a little, what with the farm work. I'm thinking of retiring soon, and if I go after Louis, I'd better do it now or not at all."

"You train every day?"

"Sure. Run two miles every morning. Excepting Sunday, of course."

I said: "I think you had better stay here, John. With your farm. No sense in traveling all the way to New York just to beat a man when you know that you can lick him."

"That does make sense," he said slowly, his big honest face thoughtful.

"You've been champ for four years now, that's a long time. Why don't you retire undefeated, like Tunney and Leonard did?"

"Who's Leonard?"

"He was the lightweight champ. He was very good."

"I guess all the good champs retire undefeated," he said.

"Of course."

"I was figuring on being champ a year more and then writing to the school and telling them that I had retired."

"That's a good idea."

We shook hands and I said I'd be over again before I left, if I had time, and I walked back to the road.

"Hey mister," he yelled.

I turned and he was standing in the barn doorway, his yellow robe making him look unreal against the barn and the chickens and the green.

"Hey mister, will you try and print my picture in the paper?"

"Sure," I shouted back. "I'll write a piece about you and send it to you, Champ."

He waved both his hands over his head, like a winning boxer does after a fight.

—Len Zinberg

WHAT IS ENTERTAINMENT?

The present season, in keeping with custom, has brought forth the usual quota of prodigies: short-trousered violinists, teen-age sopranos, and pianists in pinafores. Exploited more for their age than their ability, they call to mind the story of Dr. Johnson and the dancing bear.

Dr. Johnson and company were in a tavern one day, when a large crowd gathered outside their window to watch a dancing bear shuffle through a few clumsy steps. Oliver Goldsmith (reports Boswell, who was no friend of his) was piqued at the attention shown the bear and said petulantly, "I can dance much better than that, but *I* couldn't attract such a throng."

"Sir," retorted the Doctor, "the wonder is not that the bear dances well, but that he dances at all!"

—David C. Levine

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FLAT BAYOU

The bayou lay still
like an old dirty dish;
The lily pads were green
like currency.
Occasionally a silvery
tin can bloomed among the
dirty green discs,
and a slimy snake
glided across the stagnant water,
disappearing among the blooded watercress.
On the opposite side,
beyond the ragged willows,
a log was sent screaming
through a chewing saw
that went
    up and down
    up and down . . .
I wondered how the dirty
old bayou could lie so still
but then I realized that she was dead . . .

—J. Lowell Cady

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CHUCKLING CELESTIALS

MIGHTY CLEVER, THESE CHINESE, BUT IN A WAY THAT MIGHT LOSE THEM THE WAR

THERE is no people like the Chinese for enjoying a joke. If they lose the present undeclared war which Japan is waging against them, it may be as much on account of an oversupply of sense of humor as of an undersupply of mechanized war material. Humor is a liability when serious business is afoot, and the Chinese, while they are losing men, battles, and cities under the airbombs and artillery shells of the humorless Japs, do not seem to be able to lose their weakness for joking.

Consider the incident of the Japanese machine-gunning of the British ambassador. The Nipponese at first admitted it; then they changed their minds and blamed the Chinese. They announced they were collecting evidence. An American reporter asked the Chinese foreign office spokesman about this, and that dignitary, putting on a quizzical air, said: "I am much worried. Pretty soon they will prove that all the Japanese soldiers over here are either Chinese or tourists."

Not very funny, but funny enough from an official, especially one whose country is being devastated. A whole anthology could be made up of such stories emanating from the smoking remains of war-torn areas. For example, a good deal of fun was made among the Chinese about the Jap habit of minimizing casualties. The Japanese would tell reporters, after a sanguinary engagement, that they had three killed, four wounded. A Chinese war office man, asked for a report on Chinese casualties, replied: "Oh, about one and a half killed, two and two-thirds wounded."

They tell the story, too, of a dinner at which several Americans, English, and Chinese were discussing the economic situation of Nippon, doubts being expressed that the Japanese could successfully finance expansion in North China. "Why," asked an American economic expert, "do the Japanese try to expand so quickly, endangering the whole economic structure of their country?"

A Chinese professor replied with a Manchu fable. "A greedy farmer planted rice crops in his field. The plants sprouted, but he thought they grew too slowly. So one day he

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thought he would help them grow by pulling each plant up two or three inches. Next day all the plants were dead."

It will be news to many that a main quality of the 400,000,000 customers of the Celestial Republic is a sensitive funnybone. Wily, sly, tricky, unfathomable, and reticent John Chinaman may be—but an inveterate joker. As a matter of fact no people in the world are such pushovers for Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck. Moreover, the Chinese centuries ago were cracking jokes we esteem as modern, at a time when your ancestors and mine, wearing hair shirts in the jungle, hadn't progressed beyond an ungrammatical grunt.

About the 11th century the Chinese brought out a joke book (four centuries before Gutenberg invented the printing press) with a collection of gags that had been in oral circulation for more than a thousand years. In it is the ancient wheeze about the man who was back among his friends after a mysterious absence of two weeks.

"Oh, I was forcibly detained in jail," he explained in answer to their queries.

"In jail? What did you do?"

"It was a mere matter of picking up a piece of rope that didn't belong to me."

"Piece of rope? People aren't jailed for two weeks over a piece of rope. Was it a big piece?"

"Oh, only about three feet. But you see there was somebody's bullock at one end of it."

Ah, you recognize that one? Perhaps you kicked the slats out of the cradle—? No wonder. It was old in China 900 years ago. It had been going the rounds for generations before Joe Ming Tang Miller finally wrote it down and made it available for gagsters who would make it available for a 20th century radio program.

You remember that gag (it's always bobbing up in a hundred thin disguises) that brought down the house in the movie *Behind the Front*. A couple of leathernecks A.W.O.L. are hiding in a 40-men-8-horses freight car. The M.P. looking for them peers into the darkness of the car demanding, "Anyone in there?" "Nobody here but us horses," answers Private Wallace Beery.

That one, too, was old and hoary in China before Julius Caesar was stabbed. The husband returns from his trip out of town a day soon, and the unfaithful wife barely has time to pack her lover into the rice sack in the hall. The suspicious husband gives it a passing kick. "What's in this?" he asks. "Only some rice," answers the sack.

The Chinese have a gesture, humorous and pleasant, that we ought to adopt. It is the opposite of the old Roman "thumbs down." If you are feeling fine, if you see something that pleases you, you make a fist with the thumb sticking up and hold it about chest high. This means "the best,"

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"tops," "whoops!" or "everything is jake."

This kind of humor with a quiet twinkle in it is wholesome; it does not debunk life but bolsters the morale. Unfortunately a lot of humor does not vote on that side, and it is when humor neglects to play this position and runs out of bounds that laughter becomes a matter for serious consideration. In his fine book, *My Country and My People*, Dr. Lin Yu Tang has an excellent chapter diagnosing humor as the great weakness of the Chinese, at least that type of humor which looks on life as a farce. "A humorist is often a defeatist," he says, "and delights in recounting his own failures and embarrassments, and the Chinese are often sane, cool-minded defeatists. Humor often takes a tolerant view of vice and evil, and instead of condemning them, laughs at them.

The mind laughing at its own ideals and pretensions is humor gone dangerous. This is a cushion against failure, and an evasion of problems. A nation can commit suicide with its funnybone, for the final message of humor is that nothing amounts to a damn.

In a fight a sense of the ludicrous is a liability. The prize fighter who suddenly sees the ridiculousness of the boxing racket or of the ugly mug of his opponent is ripe for the decisive wallop on the button. Fighting requires that all one's energy, the whole personality, be directed to one end.

A sense of humor splits the personality and leaves one half mocking the serious half. There is a rumor that Benjamin Franklin, the outstanding American writer of his time, was left off the committee for drafting the Declaration of Independence because his sense of the funny was too strong.

Thousands of years of security and serenity made the Chinese a humorous and urbane people. But now China is overrun and bombed and burned by a little yellow people that has to import comic strips to get a laugh, and the celestial chuckle will not turn away wrath. So the future of China depends as much on what happens to the Chinese sense of humor as on what happens to Japan.

One lesson from the Far East is that the next world war may be a battle between the haves and the have-nots—between those that have and those that haven't, a sense of humor. The dynamic powers of 1938—the Japs, the Italians, the Germans—are notoriously short on humor. It is a luxury they cannot afford as they seek their imperial places in the sun. Napoleon said an army travels on its stomach. These nations are armies, and the stomach is not a humorous organ.

The next world war will not be funny. Laughter will have to wait for another armistice day. But by the time the organized and efficient killer nations are through, there will probably be no one left to get a grin out of it except a laughing hyena.

—FLORENCE LOEBELL

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THE POET

REMINISCENCE, IN THE FORM OF AN ANECDOTE, OF ITALY'S D'ANNUNZIO

THE great cellist began to laugh uproariously. Something had reminded him of a tremendous joke.

"Never will I forget it! Never! Did I ever tell you," he asked, "of the time when we played for D'Annunzio at that incredible place of his which the government had given him?

"We were with old Mrs. Clymer on one of those grand tours of hers when she carted musicians and more musicians over the face of Europe to play music she had commissioned from so many composers. It was terrific, that entourage, I can tell you. And at its head, Mrs. Clymer went on and on with inexhaustible energy, wearing those tall hats she affected abroad. Good old Mrs. Clymer.

"This time we were to play some of the new music for D'Annunzio, and there were twelve carloads of us that wound up those mountain roads, me with my wife, Respighi, Malipiero, so many with wives and luggage that it was a caravan.

"As we came in sight of the place suddenly cannon began to boom. Yes, I assure you, he had the cannon you have heard about. Someone in the party said that each shot cost the Italian government 3,000 lira. I counted and we received a seven-gun salute. Afterwards, I asked D'Annunzio why seven, and he explained 'one for each note of the scale.' That was the way to salute musicians. And I thought in my careful soul, why not use the pentatonic scale and save the people of Italy 6,000 lira? But I get ahead of myself.

"We arrived, and the tiny old poet was there to greet us with his great charm. Yes, he still had it up to his very last days. He was so little, one eye shot out, not a hair on his head, only the mustache, and his teeth gone. His cheeks were like parchment. But when he talked, he had charm.

"So I met him, and I said it was a lovely day and he begins to embroider and I am feeling fine. My wife came up then and he took her off to show her a little of those huge grounds he had there.

"I began to wander around by myself and in five minutes, Marion, my wife, came hurrying up alone. I was still filled with his charm, so I asked:

"'What do you think of him?'

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"She answered with an astounding statement. I distinctly heard the word 'lecherous,' and this from my kind Marion who is so charitable in her judgments. In five minutes, mind you.

"Inside the house, I began to see what she meant. In the big hall where we were to play, on every hand were the most obscene pictures and statues I have ever seen.

"I tried to catch Marion's eye, but couldn't, for a minute. She was searching for a place where she could sit down without having an obscene painting for the background of the picture she would make. She was most distressed, and I indicated to her a fairly virginal corner. A plain silk shawl was draped against the wall, and there was nothing else. She picked up a pillow and moved to the spot.

"We settled down to our instruments and the first time I looked up from my cello, I saw that Marion, in sitting down on her pillow, had dislodged that silk shawl. It had fallen so softly to the floor behind her that she did not know that she had unveiled a statue so licentious that even D'Annunzio had decided it must be covered. It was a most explicit study of Leda and the Swan and before it, all unconscious of the excitement back of her, sat my cold, sweet Marion.

"Never will I forget it, never. Fortunately the music I had to play was so vigorous I could bend my head and laugh and my shaking would not be noticed because I was sawing away so fast. But I enjoyed that laugh.

"All the time we were playing, that little old man stood, stood the whole time, a few feet from us. He did not move a muscle, but when we finished, the tears were running down his cheeks. He motioned to me, and when I came up to him, he said:

"'Come with me and I will show you something I show to few people.'

"I did not know what to expect, but I followed him. We went into his bedroom and straight to a little table beside the head of his bed. With a dramatic gesture he pointed to an object lying there. It was a gold—pure gold it looked—mould of an ear. My face must have shown my confusion.

"'You do not understand?' he asked.

"'No, maestro'—no, 'commandante' is what one must call him—'I am afraid I do not.'

"'I am from Abruzzi,' he said, 'and we are very superstitious, we people from there. It has been prophesied that I will be killed in the second war for the glory of Italy. I will be shot down in a plane and all they will find of me is this left ear which they will recognize because, you see, it has been nicked.'

"He touched the ear with his forefinger. Then he cupped the whole ear affectionately with his hand, and concluded:

"'I have had this mould prepared as a resting place, and when my ear is lying here it will be filled with the music you have played this afternoon.'"

—Audrey Walz

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ARTIST AS MISANTHROPE

DEGAS IS GONE, BUT HIS SECRET STRUGGLE STILL RESOLVES ITSELF ON HIS CANVASES

EDGAR DEGAS (his full name was Hilaire Germain Edgar Degas) was born in Paris on July 19, 1834. His father was a banker named Auguste Degas, or de Gas, one of the old-fashioned bankers described by Balzac. At twenty-three the son made two portraits of himself. One, in oils, is that of a young man with the beginnings of a moustache but no beard, the large, lustrous, Italian eyes of his maternal relations south of the Alps, and thick dark hair worn long: the face of a poet and of a neurotic. The second portrait, an etching, is that of a wistful young man with a soft fringe of beard round his face, a flat black hat, and eyes that already suggest the weakness of vision which, like his psychological weakness, was to trouble the artist all his life.

He was at this time a student at the famous academy of Gabriel Gleyre. Earlier than this his life is obscure. It is known, however, that in his adolescence he spent several years in Italy, on visits to his mother's relations, and that there he assiduously frequented the galleries of the old masters. His first inclination in painting was towards the historical theme, then much in vogue. He had an enormous

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POTTER PALMER COLL.

The Morning Bath

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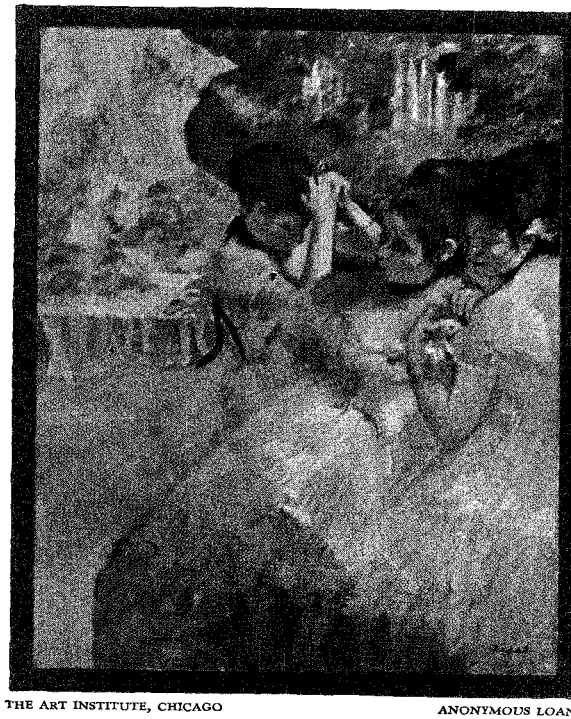

THE ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO — ANONYMOUS LOAN

DANCERS PREPARING FOR THE BALLET

admiration for Ingres. And by his own bourgeois traditions and environment he was drawn towards the academic presentment of the so-called noble scenes of classical Greece and Rome, as reconstructed in the studios of the leading painters of the day. The miracle is that having become thoroughly absorbed in this academic tradition, he succeeded in getting out of it, in becoming one of the leaders of the new school of realism, and in revealing an unsuspected genius as a social historian, the ruthless delineator of the women of the humble or the hidden worlds of Paris.

In 1863, both Degas and Manet were among the rejected of the Salon, and figured, like Whistler, in the *Salon des Refusés*. Degas continued to send canvases to the official Salon, with varying success, until 1870. Thereafter he was represented only in the Impressionist exhibitions and in other unofficial collections of painting. He was, if not the original inspirer, at least the principal organizer of the first Impressionist exhibition at the

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LA TOILETTE

Nadar gallery in 1874, and although he had prudently persuaded a number of less advanced painters, sculptors and engravers to join the little nucleus of Impressionists, neither their works nor his own were spared in the general chorus of abuse and condemnation which greeted this first appeal of the new painters to the public.

At thirty-eight, he fled, as an aristocratic emigré from a new democratic régime, to the one place in the world in which the manners and morals of royalist France had not yet been engulfed by the rising tide of democracy —*to New Orleans. The flight was* taken on a sudden and unpremeditated impulse to join his brother, René, who had for some years been established in New Orleans as a cotton broker.

Degas spent several months in Louisiana, and painted, in addition to the picture of the Cotton Exchange in New Orleans, an admirable portrait of his brother René and of his brother's young wife.

On his return to France the painter was, if anything, more taciturn than

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THE MILLINERY SHOP

ever regarding his private life. He retired more profoundly within himself.

There now took place the transition from the second phase of Degas to the third. Where in his youth as a historical painter he had given his women the noble attitudes of the classic convention, he now drew or painted them almost exclusively in an attitude of humility or of subjection to the superior male: women engaged at menial or painful tasks, exhausted after the harsh discipline of the ballet, staggering under the burden of a heavy basket of linen, or singing to an audience of males in the garish light of a café-chantant.

He drew them with a harsh fidelity, unflatteringly, scornfully, with a ruthless indifference to their private tragedy. His attitude was still that of a historian of the upper classes who had set himself the unpleasant task of recording the lives and actions of his social inferiors. But now a subtle change was apparent in the work of Degas. His models in his eyes were not only afflicted with social inferiority, but with *sexual* inferiority as well.

Degas had become a misanthrope,

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UNCLE AND NIECE

sexually frustrated, irritable, neurotic, with the idiosyncrasies of the confirmed celibate. His pictures of women, even the subtle and exquisite dancers of the ballet, now contained a new and disturbing element, the element of *revenge*. They were things of beauty. No line ever drawn by Degas was unbeautiful, and the farther he got from Ingres and his early classical training the more rich and audacious was his use of color. To a psychologist, however, there is in the later brilliant phase of Degas the eloquent story of a secret struggle in the life of the artist. But the secret, if it lay open and revealed in his pictures for all to read, was nevertheless not disclosed until his death.

Then a surprise awaited his friends, dealers, and executors. At the posthumous sale of his works a claim to his estate was filed in the Paris courts by the representatives of his legal children. He had, it was now disclosed, contracted marriage with a young woman during that brief stay in New Orleans, nearly half a century earlier. The claim could not be disproved. The secret of Degas' misanthropy, of

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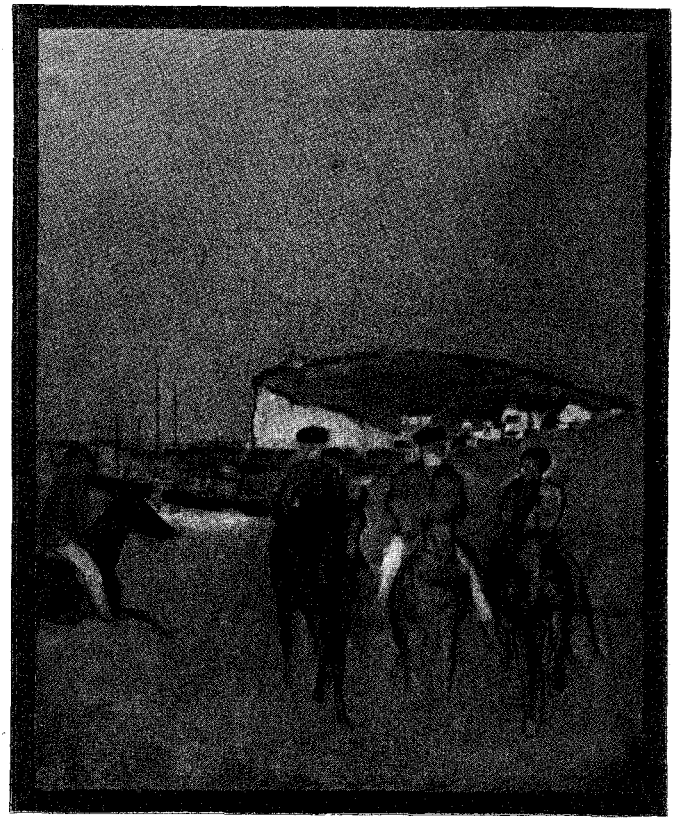

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THE MORNING RIDE

the change in his manner within a few years of the return from New Orleans, of his apparent celibacy, of his irritable, contemptuous, angry obsession with the social and sexual inferiority of women, was revealed.

From the mysterious journey to America dated, in truth, the beginning of the final manner of Degas. He withdrew into himself. He became touchy, reserved, and melancholy. He quarreled with one after another of his most intimate friends and fellow-artists. When Manet, whom he admired, liked and respected, cut out the figure of Madame Manet from the portrait Degas had done of them, Degas left a still life of Manet at the

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DANCER ON THE STAGE

door of his studio with the morning milk, with the scornful note: "I return you your plums." Even the gentle, dreaming and scrupulously loyal Pissarro, whom Degas had encouraged to take up lithography, and who for many years remained in friendly relations with the misanthrope long after the other comrades of the early Impressionist days had abandoned him to his mordant wit and his bitter sarcasm, Degas finally discouraged from further visits by the harsh words: "I do not wish to be disturbed."

As he grew in years the wit of Degas provoked as great a respect as his art, his solitude, his scruples of conscience, and his eccentricities. His most acid

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epigrams were reserved for his contemporaries in painting, and for their common enemies, the critics. When Bonnat showed him a canvas by one of his favorite pupils depicting a warrior with a bow and arrows, the master said to him proudly: "He aims well, does he not, Degas?" "Yes," said Degas ironically, "he aims at a medal."

His own judgment of pictures was critical and occasionally brilliant. Taken to see an impressive composition by Roll entitled *Le Travail*, he said shrewdly: "I see fifty figures, but I do not see a crowd. One makes a crowd with five figures, not with fifty." And of the robust Albert Besnard's elephantine efforts at lightness, Degas said: "He is a man who tries to dance with boots of lead."

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Ballet Girls on the Stage

That secret desire for vengeance which filled Degas since the unhappy adventure in New Orleans impelled him to see in all his models the creatures of a sex doomed to an eternal servitude—as if they were chattels, rather than women. Whatever conquests, triumphs and victories women had enjoyed in that hidden life of his youth, they were not to enjoy them in his art. He invested the women of his canvases and pastels with the submission, frustration and defeat which he had himself experienced at their hands in life.

But merciless as the artist was, he was not guilty of exaggeration or inexactitude. His works have the value of social documents, so precise, complete and eloquent are they of the lives, the interiors, the social status, the physical and intellectual condition of the models, whether they were

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his social equals and contemporaries sitting for their portraits or the dancers, laundresses, or milliners he drew in his ceaseless search of realism.

His reputation had been long in establishing itself. The wave of realism had ebbed in the nineties, and left him high and dry. But he disdained to change his method or his theme. Among a younger generation of artists his work, his personality, were held in veneration. But by this time he had withdrawn from active creation.

In 1912 he suffered an almost mortal blow by the demolition of the building in the rue Victor-Masse, in Montmartre in which he had lived for twenty-five years. He had acquired with long habit and solitude the morbid affection of an old maid for the dark and melancholy apartment in which he lived with his dusty canvases, his crumbling sculpture, his drawings of Ingres and Delacroix, and his memories of the gay, heroic, gallant world of the sixties, when his gods were still alive.

His sight had grown so dim that he could not walk across a narrow Montmartre street without the assistance of a policeman. His hearing was scarcely better. The internal malady which afflicted him forced him to take much vigorous exercise, and he spent his days—now that he was too blind to paint, or even to crush a pastel crayon on paper—in walking disconsolately up one street and down the next, feeling his way for better security.

When the World War broke out, Degas was eighty years old. He could no longer work nor read. Sometimes he asked, of a friend from other days who remembered his existence, how the War went. He spoke of it as "your War" and his tone was as indifferent and as incurious as that in which he was wont to ask his old servant Zoe how her orange marmalade had succeeded. A few older inhabitants of Montmartre saw him in the streets and pointed him out to each other with a certain vague respect and affection. But to the Montmartrois at large he was merely a little old man with long hair and a white fringe of beard, and a shabby and shining black cloak, with something in his manner of an old Italian model. In a shop one day the woman behind the counter mistook him for a beggar, and in compassion on a so venerable and dignified looking mendicant thrust a packet of tobacco in his hands.

In the third year of the War, when Paris was bombarded daily by Big Bertha and nightly by the Gothas, the end of Degas came. He was eighty-three years old, and for seventeen of them had lived almost forgotten except by a few ancients. The report of his death excited little curiosity or excitement, in a world abandoned to other griefs, and only with the end of the War and the slow revelation of his domestic tragedy, and the long-hidden contents of the studio which held the major fruits of a life's activity, did his real stature appear to a subsequent generation and his prodigious vogue begin.

—George Slocombe

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THE NEWS JONGLEURS

THEY WERE PRETTY AWFUL, THOSE OLD REFRAINS —BUT STILL THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT THEM

STICK a pin anywhere in the American calendar and you will find that songs were written that year to commemorate some news event. Candidates for doctorates probably have prepared theses showing that the Indians wrote a song of welcome to Columbus and his crew.

Omitting campaign and war songs, the news lyrics mostly are about shipwrecks and train disasters, fires, and sporting events, chiefly pugilism. Few have had original melodies, having been written to familiar tunes. John B. Moore wrote *The Sullivan-Corbett Fight* to *Throw Him Down McCloskey*, itself said to be a song celebrating the Heenan-Sayres fight. Music cue:

John L. has been knocked out!
The people all did cry.
Corbett is the champion! How
the news did fly!
And future generations with wonder and delight
Will read on hist'ry's pages of the
Sullivan-Corbett fight.

Yes, sir, Sullivan had been knocked out, but not from the popular imagination, for songs continued to be written about him; and on the variety stage, according to George Ade, they sang *John L. Will Be Our Champion Once Again*. The news jongleurs were bandwagon-hoppers. Corbett was knocked out in 1897, and at Tony Pastor's the frock-coated baritones sang:

The noblest gladiator, the gamest man today,
Three cheers for King Fitzsimmons, who's won out every fray.

In 1906 Willie Wildwave—William W. Delaney, the publisher of the Delaney Song books (there were 89 of them, beginning in 1891), who wrote most of the spot-news songs—did one to the air of *The Cumberland Crew*. This was the kayo:

They've counted ten seconds and
Fitz is still sleeping;
Cheers from the audience proclaim Jeff as king.
All hail the new champion, 'tis
safe in his keeping—
Our gallant Jim Jeffries, the king
of the ring.

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Who sang these songs? Mostly the fifth-raters, who were able to get a little sure-fire applause when they mentioned the champion's name. They were—the ones I heard—supper show singers. Those were the days of Continuous Vaudeville and the supper show acts. I have often seen the same act four times between 12:30 and 6:45. Paper-tearers, acrobats, ventriloquists and singers who sang these news-songs. I doubt whether any of these songs ever attained any popularity, for a song had to have a big sheet music sale in those pre-radio, piano-in-every-home days. All the big publishers—Howley, Haviland & Dresser, the Witmarks, Jos. W. Stern —printed some of them.

Every fire, especially in the vicinity of New York, had its minnesingers, at Pastor's, Keith's, and burlesque houses like the Dewey and Hurtig & Seamon's. In 1891 the Park Place fire inspired Wildwave to:

Then offer a prayer for the souls
that died there,
Let us comfort the ones left be-
hind;
New York, with big heart, will
do her own part,
To her poor she has ever been
kind.

Those songs were the forerunners of the blues and the torches; calamity and disaster were their burden. The tragedy of strikes produced songs, but the strikers didn't sing them as they do nowadays. A Wildwave—*Father Was Killed by the Pinkerton Men*, concerning the Homestead strike of 1892 —still is pretty well known. With its anti-Carnegie verses it was popular for a long time:

God help them tonight in their
hour of affliction,
Praying for him whom they'll
ne'er see again;
Hear the poor orphans tell their
sad story:
"Father was killed by the Pinker-
ton men!"

If we hadn't advanced, or at any rate changed, lyrically, the same songwriter would today write *Down With Hitler!* and *Follow the Swastika;* not to say *As Pure as My Sister* and *Free the Scotsboro Boys!* For militarism or pacifism, sentimentality or satire—the same fellow would write on both sides. I never heard a song against Dreyfus, for the sentiment here was pro. I remember, to *She's More to be Pitied Than Censured:*

I have heard of such justice in
Ireland,
Where a man gets no ghost of a
chance.
Let the French be ashamed of
their sireland,
Till they do Dreyfus justice in
France.

After the death of James Fisk, who was shot by Stokes in the Jessie Mansfield romance, he became a popular hero, at least on the variety stage, to my mind an accurate barometer.

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That was one of the few songs that won a faint immortality, for there are many—one of them is Harry Leon Wilson—who today can sing its five eight-line stanzas, perorating with:

We all know he loved both women and wine,
But his heart it was right I am sure,
Though he lived like a prince in a palace so fine,
Yet he never went back on the poor!
If a man was in trouble Fisk helped him along
To drive the grim wolf from the door;
He strove to do right, though he may have done wrong,
But he never went back on the poor.

And there were countless songs, all descriptive, of the Johnstown flood in 1889, as there were of the San Francisco earthquake in 1906. Most of them I heard only once; I have forgotten them all. But I remember well enough to sing, at no provocation, *Just a Plain American Girl*, which I heard sung by a soubrette named Carrie Scott. It concerned the title-seeking girls—Anna Gould, who married Count Boni de Castellane, and Daisy Leiter, who married Lord Curzon. Dave Marion, who had written *Her Eyes Don't Shine Like Diamonds*, wrote and published:

Just a plain American girl is good enough for me,
I don't like the foreign styles they have across the sea;
I want no English title, so contented I will be,
For just a plain American girl is good enough for me.

The Spanish-American War liberated not only Cuba, but also a great horde of song writers, for Charles K. Harris, Harry Von Tilzer, and Paul Dresser were at their patriotic zenith. The greatest popular hero—it took until the Lindbergh flight of 1927 for this idol-loving country to have another—was Admiral George Dewey. Songs about Dewey were sung at least twice a day in every vaudeville house in the country. Such as *How Dewey Remembered the Maine:*

Keep cool, my brave lads, was his order, each one at his station remain,
And we'll soon show the Dons that America's sons know how to remember the Maine.

The period of the so-called Spanish war was the age of the illustrated song. That militated against the success of the news-song, for it cost money to make the slides, and for an ephemeral song, whose theme would be old stuff in a month at most, it wasn't worth while. But when the movies flew in at the door, the slides flew out of the window. Prince, tell me in what cabinet are slides of songs I used to hear so often I can hear them yet; where are the slides of yes-

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teryear? Well, Prince, I'll tell you where two of them are: right in my bookcase, and they are slides of *After the Ball* and, if I haven't returned them to Ed Marks, of *A Bird in a Gilded Cage*.

It wasn't until the sinking of the Titanic that any recent disaster of consequence produced its songs. The news-song writers rose above the leaden weights of fact; sentimentality at any price was their dish. Arthur J. Lamb, an Englishman who had written many popular songs such as *If I Had a Thousand Lives to Live, I'd Give Them All to You*, wrote *As the Lusitania Went Down:*

He thought of the girl who loved him,
He thought of their wedding day;
As he looked at the angry ocean,
Eager to seize its prey.
He thought of his poor old mother
In a little Southern town;
And sadly he sighed: Thy will be done!
As the Lusitania went down.

In 1911 Remick's published *Gee, It's a Wonderful Game* to music by G. Harris White, and the words were written by a man who used to say that song writing was the only work that he didn't hate. That author was Ring W. Lardner, and these words he did say:

Baseball, baseball, ain't it a wonderful game?
Old Christy Colum' found this country, by gum,
But the extras don't carry his name.
If Old Man Columbus had sat in the stand,
Had seen Matty pitching that "fader" so grand,
He'd have said: "Boys, I'm glad I discovered this land,
Gee, it's a wonderful game!"

One song that became widely known through the records and is popular today on the air is *The Death of Floyd Collins*. Collins died in a cave, near Cave City, Kentucky, in 1925. The first and last stanzas of the song, written by the Rev. Andrew Jenkins, run as follows:

Oh come all you young people
And listen while I tell
The fate of Floyd Collins,
A lad we all know well;
His face was fair and handsome
His heart was true and brave;
His body now lies sleeping
In a lonely sandstone cave.

Young people, Oh take warning!
From Floyd Collins' fate;
And get right with your Maker
Before it is too late.
It may not be a sand cave
In which we find our tomb,
But at the bar of Judgment
We, too, must meet our doom.

But by far the largest number of songs ever written about one person—I never heard one of them sung—

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were those hundreds of Lindbergh lyrics. None of them had more than a fleeting popularity; to call them terrible is giving them a break. Among them were *Lindbergh; Chamberlin and Lindy, Our Hats are Off to You; Here He Comes; I Owe It All to You, Mother o' Mine; Lindbergh, the Hero of the Day; Lindbergh the Eagle of the U. S. A.; Oh, Charlie is My Darling; The Young Chevalier; Plucky Lindy's Lucky Day; Plucky Lindy, We are Proud of You; Just Lindy; Triumphant Lindbergh; We; Hello Lindy; Lindy, Lindy; Lindy, Youth with the Heart of Gold; Like an Angel You Flew into Everyone's Heart; Welcome Home March; You Flew Over;* and *Uncle Sam Takes His Hat Off to You.* Here's the chorus to *Lucky Lindy:*

"Lucky Lindy" up in the sky,
Fair or windy, he's flying high;
Peerless, fearless, knows every cloud,
The kind of a son to make a mother feel proud.
"Plucky Lindy" rides all alone
In a little plane all his own.
"Lucky Lindy" showed them the way,
And he's the hero of the day.

But the movies dynamited vaudeville; the radio mortally wounded the sale of popular songs, and shortened their lives. A song that in vaudeville days lasted a year and sold hundreds of thousands of copies now endures a few weeks, and 50,000 is a big sheet sale today. I doubt whether any of the Lindbergh songs lasted a fortnight.

The deaths of Caruso and Valentino inspired two incredibly pathetic songs that had not been equaled since the lachrymose nineties; and both achieved fame. They have been recorded for the gramophone, and records are easily obtainable. They are *They Needed a Songbird in Heaven, So God Took Caruso Away* and *There's a New Star in Heaven Tonight.*

And just as the news-theme sun went down, the Abdication—why nobody wrote a song called *At Long Last* I don't know—undammed the sentimental tears of lyricism. One such was a waltz, written by Abner Silver and Bert Douglas. It was *When a King Gives Up Everything for Love, What Wouldn't I Give Up for You?* The adroit publishers had a purple title-page, too.

But the days when news events were song themes are no more. Those songs were simple and bad, and they need simple bad song-writers, and simple bad singers. The song-writers of today may not be much better, but they are far from simple; they are wise, they are complex, and so are their songs; today's singers are on the air, and the old supper show boys would starve today, instead of being, as I suspect they often were, just hungry. Even news doesn't last long enough nowadays; a news song would be dead by the time it got written and published. These news songs, with almost no exceptions, are exhibits for a museum, and for a museum that few would enter, even on free days.

—Franklin P. Adams

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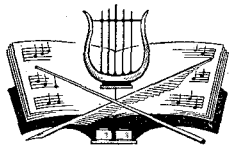
MEDITATION FROM THAIS

POSING FIFTY QUESTIONS THAT RUN THE GAMUT OPERATIC FROM GOUNOD TO KRĚNEK



HERE is a list of fifty operas—grand, light, comic and tragic—written by composers of various nations. Next to each opera appears the given name of the composer. Can you supply the last names? Each correct answer counts 2 points. A score of 60 is fair, 76 is good and 90 or over is exceptional, answers will be found on page 94.

Name of Opera	*Composer*
1. FAUST	Charles
2. GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG	Richard
3. TALES OF HOFFMAN	Jacques
4. THE BARBER OF SEVILLE	Gioacchino
5. LAKMÉ	Léo
6. CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA	Pietro
7. SALOME	Richard
8. MADAME BUTTERFLY	Giacomo
9. THE MAGIC FLUTE	Wolfgang
10. IOLANTHE	Arthur S
11. CARMEN	Georges
12. MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY	Walter
13. PELLÈAS ET MÉLISANDE	Claude
14. BOCCACCIO	Franz
15. THE HUGUENOTS	Jacques
16. LA GIACONDA	Amilcare
17. PAGLIACCI	Ruggiero
18. MARTHA	Friedrich
19. THE BOHEMIAN GIRL	Michael W
20. THE MERRY WIDOW	Franz
21. LA JUIVE	Jacques
22. CAPONSACCHI	Richard
23. LOUISE	Gustave
24. THAÏS	Jules

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25. Peter Ibbetson	Deems
26. The Emperor Jones	Louis
27. Samson and Delilah	Camille
28. Die Fledermaus	Johann
29. Madeleine	Victor
30. Lucrezia Borgia	Gaetano
31. Orpheus	Christopher W
32. Norma	Vincenzo
33. Rossignol	Igor
34. Mignon	Ambroise
35. The Sunken Bell	Ottorino
36. Schwanda	Jaromir
37. Der Freischutz	Carl Maria
38. The Canterbury Pilgrims	Reginald
39. The Bartered Bride	Friedrich
40. Eugen Onegin	Peter
41. Aïda	Giuseppe
42. Hänsel und Gretel	Engelbert
43. Merry Wives of Windsor	Otto
44. Boris Godounov	Modeste
45. The Jewels of the Madonna	Ermano
46. Tosca	Giacomo
47. Fra Diavolo	Daniel
48. André Chenier	Umberto
49. Sadko	Niculas
50. Jonny spielt auf	Ernst

PROSPECT AND FULFILLMENT

"It's always more fun for Americans going east across the Atlantic than coming west," declares a man who has crossed 74 times. "Going toward Europe, you're filled with the spirit of adventure. The trip is all ahead of you. Strange lands beckon. Your fellow passengers are all in good humor. You probably aren't even seasick, because the prevailing winds are usually toward the east, which helps rather than hinders your boat. But coming back, your fellow passengers are likely to be disagreeable. Most of them have spent all their money and are returning to earn more. If the trip about Europe was a happy one, you're sorry it's all over; if not up to expectations, then you have regrets. The sea is probably rough. You wish the passengers were as interesting as those going over." —Fred C. Kelly

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ANATOMY OF A DICTATOR

UPON WHAT MEAT DO DICTATORS FEED THAT THEY ARE GROWN SO GREAT?

THE powers of the President are great. The stamp of his character is reflected far and wide. In Europe and Asia his foreign policy is felt. And at home he meets all great emergencies. Flood, fire, famine, earthquake, soil erosion, unemployment, collapse of the banks and national depression all demand his attention and prompt action. Is he a dictator? Big business says, "Yes." History says, "No!"

What Makes a Dictator?

Power does not make a dictator. It is how the man uses his power, and his personal traits.

The world has seen many dictators. From the dawn of history until today the list is long. You may begin with Xerxes and the Caesars and include the Tartar Khan emperors—Jenghis, Kublai and Tamerlaine—the medieval despots of Europe, continue into recent times with Napoleon up to our present three of Europe: Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin. These are enough to add up and draw a fair average picture.

Is there much difference between a Caesar and a Mussolini? Very little.

What Are a Dictator's Traits?

The intimate records of the ancient despots are very thin and incomplete. The unvarnished records of Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin are not yet fully available.

But Napoleon's record is complete. The details of his life are known and little traits common to most dictators may be revealed through him. Know one and you know all.

Does He Lie?

Yes. Napoleon lied constantly. He lied to foreign nations and he lied to his own soldiers. The dispatches he sent home from his campaigns were often untrue. He even announced the victory of Waterloo when an hour or two later defeat was upon him.

He lied to his people in the press that he controlled. He lied on his return from Egypt and he was silent about his defeat in Moscow. He lied often to his valet Constant and, dictating his memoirs at the end of his career, he lied about the battles he won and lost. He even lied in his will, for he bequeathed money and other things he no longer possessed.

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Does He Steal?

Yes. Napoleon stole the treasures from Egypt and from Italy. But this may be considered the lawful spoil of war. And even the golden cross from the dome of the Moscow church, this also may be called army loot and not an object of theft. But about the 100,000 francs he ordered Constant to bury after he had abdicated there can be no doubt. And the jewels found sewn in his extra coat after he abandoned Waterloo, these gems belonging to the nation he took for himself.

He even cheated at cards and on one occasion he shared his winnings with his valet.

Does He Forge?

Yes. He signed his own name to a battle order after the battle took place so that the blame might not be his. No bad check was ever so bad as this document!

Does He Counterfeit?

Yes. He printed the money of enemy countries. When these lands were invaded he paid his soldiers with this counterfeit paper which they forced peasants and small merchants to accept.

Does He Accept Glory for Victory?

Yes, always he took it for himself. Even though he was miles from the scene. He considered it was his plan that won the battle and often it was. But if, at the last moment, his plan failed and another was used, then also he took the glory to himself.

Does He Blame Others for Defeat?

In Egypt he blamed the English blockade, as though he might not have known that England had ships at sea. In Russia he blamed the snow, as though it were a great novelty in winter and—who should have expected it in Moscow? The horses had no shoes to grip the ice and the men no warm clothes. But he blamed the weather!

Does He Desert His Men?

Yes. But only in defeat, not in victory. Four times Napoleon skipped off. First from Egypt; then he fled from Moscow; from the disaster of Leipzig; and from the field of Waterloo. Always he ran to Paris to get there first and "cook up" a story.

Does He Kill His Prisoners?

Yes. In Egypt he lined them up on the shore of the Nile. In Poland, in Russia, in Germany he shot them when food was scarce or when the army had to move on quickly. If they were in the way he got rid of them.

Does He Shoot His Own People?

Yes. His first broadside was against Frenchmen in the streets of Paris. In Russia when his Spanish brigades seemed to complain he ordered one in each ten counted off and shot.

He promised his men glory and fortune but so great were the bands

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of draft evaders in the mountains of France that he was compelled to send whole regiments after them. Many were killed before they got into uniform.

Does He Insult Women?

Yes. Many he insulted. He treated his mistresses with great contempt. He sent Mlle George out to sleep with his enemy so that he might possibly learn their plans. He ordered a distinguished actress to his palace, when he returned from exile, only to insult her. Her crime was that she sang a popular song which was not 100 per cent Empire.

He made love to Josephine in a carriage. The presence of officers and messengers who brought him dispatches did not embarrass him. Her feelings he did not regard. None was without insult.

At the end when he cooled off in exile not one of his old loves ever wanted to visit him. Only one, a Polish countess, but she came, not for the memory of a love, she came to claim money for a child that he had given her.

Does He Destroy Liberty of Speech and Press?

Yes. And completely. Not a word may be said that does not please a dictator. It matters not if he is a Caesar, a Mussolini, a Hitler or Stalin, the muzzle is tight and complete.

Napoleon did an excellent job in this regard. The nineteen newspapers of the Revolution he first reduced to thirteen. He suppressed all liberal magazines and even several important scientific journals. By 1810 censorship was complete and only sixty printers were licensed to publish. In 1811 only four newspapers were allowed and after that no press at all was permitted to exist! Only political news was allowed to be published now and again and this news was mostly propaganda, written for the dictator and made up of false statements. Censorship and dictatorship go hand in hand.

Books were also under censorship. A German bookseller named Palm was executed by Napoleon's order for selling an anonymous pamphlet entitled *Germany in Her Deep Humiliation*. This could happen today in Germany, Russia, Italy and Japan. Madame de Staël and many of the best writers of France were exiled. How like is this to our present dictators! There is really little difference between one dictator and another.

Does He Know Loyalty?

"Loyalty," said Napoleon, "is a cat and dog philosophy. A dog knows but one home and one master." He was loyal to himself alone. Everyone else was liable to betrayal if it served his ends.

Is He Vain?

Yes. Before leaving for Egypt his parting instruction to Josephine was: "I want my name to be the sole topic of conversation." But he was young,

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ambitious and blown up with overbearing ego. Did time reduce this vanity? No. He took lessons from the famous actor Talma on how to act in regal fashion. He appeared at his second crowning in a Roman Caesar's purple toga decorated with dressmaker's ornaments. And this only a month or two before Waterloo! A dictator is so vain that he is blind to events before his eyes.

Does He Fear Assassination?

Yes. He is ever concerned about his personal safety. Napoleon wrote his brother Joseph: "Don't allow anyone to be in sole command of your guard. Nothing could be more dangerous . . . You are running the risk of poisoning or assassination . . . Your door should be locked on the inside."

Is He Brave?

No. Napoleon was rarely in danger. He sent the men to the front and commanded from a safe distance behind the lines. He turned pale at the sight of danger. He disguised himself so that he could not be recognized when he drove to the coast on the way to Elba.

Did He Bring Glory or Misery to His People?

He promised glory but he delivered only misery. He destroyed freedom of speech, freedom of press, freedom of worship. He slaughtered millions of Frenchmen and left Europe thickly dotted with broken homes, widows and orphans. He was so hated that people prayed for his defeat and on the Exchange the French franc went up every time a battle was lost and down when a victory was announced!

The moment Napoleon was out of France the army took on a new spirit. The ranks were filled with volunteers who were ready to serve their country. Exiles returned to their homeland and joy was again with the people.

Is One Dictator Like Another?

Yes. Their language may be different, their race and land different but the characteristics of dictators are much the same. They are the measuring stick by which you may know your man. There are little Caesars and big Caesars. There are little Napoleons and big Napoleons, but their inner traits remain alike.

Big business pins the label of "dictator" on the President because of his great power and the necessity for his immediate action in the face of national emergencies. But business should read over once more the traits that make a true dictator and see if they really fit. A man cannot be a dictator unless he can measure up to the standards and traits of a dictator. Control of the army, extreme censorship, suppression of press and free speech, falsehood, ruthlessness and general rottenness all are the stock and trade of a dictator. He cannot exist without these.

—MANUEL KOMROFF

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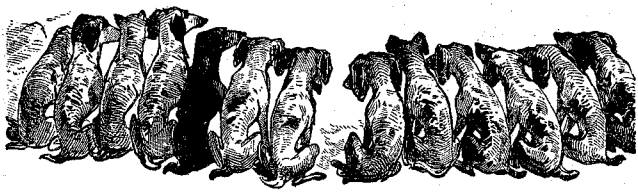
SKETCHES

HUMOROUS AND GROTESQUE

By GUSTAVE DORÉ

The reputation of Gustave Doré (1833-1882) rests perhaps a bit disproportionately today on his more serious work, full of chiaroscuro and fantasy. But it was with innumerable gay grotesqueries, dashed off with amazing facility, that Doré achieved his greatest popular success. Some of the best of these lusty sketches are reproduced on the following pages, with the original captions left intact.



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THOSE WHO HAVE TAKEN TOO LITTLE— AND TOO MUCH

Chorus of Huntsmen—who have taken nothing

Touching Unanimity of Sentiment in a Company—
who have taken too much

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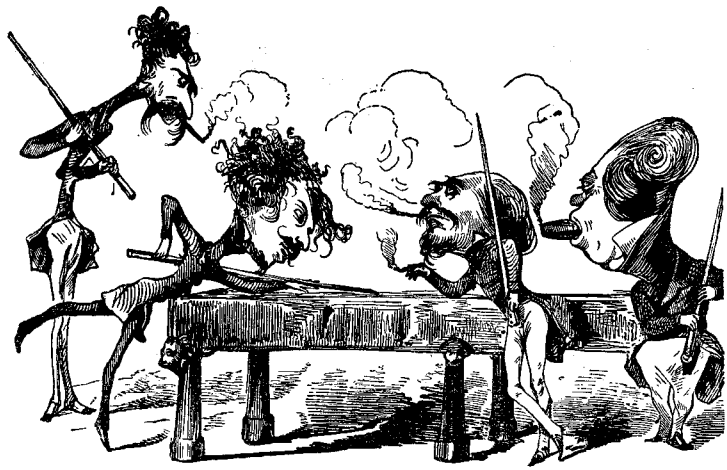

"A little additional leisure will enable them to improve their minds."
—*Vide* "Philanthropic Sentiments"

A Bucolic Game of Bowls

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LIFE IN A LITTLE PROVINCIAL TOWN

A PROVINCIAL SCENE

Everybody knows everybody. Everybody bows to everybody. Everybody backbites everybody on every possible opportunity.

A LADY WHO IS "AT HOME" IN THE EVENING

This is what they do on Monday evenings.

Here is their amusement Wednesday evenings.

And this is their pastime on Saturday evenings.

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AT THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS

The momentous question—admitted or refused?

These artists are satisfied with their work.

This is an artist whose pictures have failed to attract attention.

These are artists whose works have been hung a very long way from the line.

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PEOPLE WHO "GIVE THEMSELVES AIRS" IN SOCIETY

Here is a man who likes to give himself the airs of a connoisseur in painting.

This man indulges in airs of deep meditation, and affects absence of mind.

And this one gives himself reflective, philosophical, and mysterious airs.

Here is a man who gives himself the airs of a patriot and thinks he could wear the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

This man gives himself the airs of a Sir Charles Coldstream. He has tried everything, and found "nothing in it."

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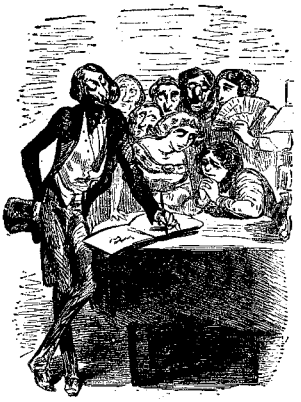
PEOPLE WHO "GIVE THEMSELVES AIRS" IN SOCIETY

These young ladies give themselves airs of great simplicity—but no, we can hardly say "give themselves airs," for the simplicity is natural.



A gentleman who gives himself the airs of a great draughtsman, and especially affects facility of execution

Monsieur gives himself the airs of a musician, because he knows just enough to turn over the leaves.

The idiot represented above gives himself the airs of an enemy of the public press.

And this idiot gives himself the airs of a man above worldly vanities. The fact is, he does not know how to dance.

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CONSEQUENCES OF THE LONDON EXHIBITION OF 1862

The Catalogue; especially recommended as portable and easy of reference.

Remarkably limp condition in which the majority of visitors leave the building.

It is inconvenient to break a glass eighty feet square when one has only thirty francs in one's pocket.

What a very juvenile visitor saw of the Exhibition.

On his return to Paris, Monsieur Pouponnet introduces to his wife some interesting and agreeable strangers, with whom he has become acquainted during his stay in London.

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The Chinese will continue to welcome, in their own peculiar fashion, all those European travellers who choose to come to Pekin.

Men of science, and more especially men of no science, will continue to seek after aeronautic experiences, and to build castles in the air.

But his Majesty King Aeolus will no doubt continue to have a good deal to say to inventors of aerial ships.

Italian singers will pursue their system of taking their ease, and will give their airs, seated before their audience.

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THE FUGITIVE

HE REALIZED, TOO LATE, THAT WE CANNOT ESCAPE EVEN FROM THE DEATH OF OTHERS

THIS started in the following manner: once M. Communeau was sick, for a week he lay stretched out on a bed of fever, and his correspondence was brought in to him. There was a large black bordered envelope among the letters; on opening it he read that a certain M. Guerseille, who was one of his relations, had just died, piously, in his sixty-second year. Now M. Communeau was himself in his sixty-second year. A very disagreeable impression darkened his spirit, chilled him: he thought of his own extinction. It suddenly appeared to him not only possible, but probable and natural. He decided never again to open a funeral announcement.

It is understood that we are all mortal, and we cannot doubt that we will end some day. But why poison ourselves with thinking of it? Death is nothing; but the idea of death is a frightful thing. The wise thing for a man who considers that life has but one end: to be as happy as possible—and M. Communeau was one of those moderate men whom they call egoists—the wise thing is to avoid everything which may recall the inevitableness and nearness of this end. In order not to have to think of his own finish, M. Communeau resolved hereafter deliberately to ignore other people's deaths.

He did not open the first black bordered letter he received, but took it between two fingers like something too hot which might burn and quickly threw it into a drawer. He could have torn it up without reading it, but he did not dare. Only he will be astonished who does not understand this singular thing, human nature, where sensibility lives next to superstition, and scrupulousness with ingenuousness. Not to open these announcements appeared legitimate to M. Communeau, to destroy them would have seemed too rash. The second black letter which arrived also went into the drawer; the next one too; and this became a habit.

To sum it up M. Communeau had suppressed death in his life. It was indeed enough that each morning the newspaper brought him its own deaths. And in these times in which we live the newspapers are loaded with them. But these are far away

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deaths, almost anonymous, I will not say indifferent, but in the end not completely moving. A celebrity badly operated upon, an escaped convict whose score someone has settled, a thousand yellow men bombarded, a Soviet official chastened, in the eyes of M. Communeau these only had that terrible but trite character that cataclysms of the earth have. It is only the deaths of people we knew, whom our glance has touched, and of whose hand we have known the warmth, whom we have felt were as alive as we, which strikes us and makes us tremble. Now M. Communeau was too modest a person to know the celebrities whose deaths are announced in the papers. He was an old bachelor, who went out little, having made a provincial existence for himself in Paris. In hiding these announcements, it was really death that he hid.

It was indeed agreeable. He had relatives scattered in various cities of France, college friends, comrades of the regiment, old business colleagues; he no longer saw them, no longer corresponded with them; however they were very important people to him since they acted as go-betweens whose names he summoned when he recalled his memories. . . . Well, in this way he could think of them without sadness! speak of them jovially! laugh at them without scruples! For him not a one of them was dead! They were far from his sight, that was all.

To be sure, this had its slight inconveniences. For example, when he met some gentleman of his acquaintance, if he said on leaving him:

"And give all my regards to your charming wife. . . ."

It sometimes happened that the other replied with a face suddenly surprised and reproving:

"But she has been dead for five years! I certainly sent you an announcement?"

But these are small annoyances compared to the advantages. For to ignore the death of one's contemporaries, it is marvelous! It is—think of it—it is not to grow old!

However, it happened that one day M. Communeau had to move. You know how it is in such a case: one is led to explore the tops of cupboards where one never raises the eye, to examine old papers to determine those that need not be moved, to empty all the drawers. M. Communeau thus suddenly found himself before that one where he slid the funeral announcements without opening them.

The drawer was full. There were about two hundred letters there, perhaps more. In a natural gesture M. Communeau had moved his hands toward the drawer. He withdrew them suddenly. He was surprised, troubled. . . .

What? he thought, as many as that? There are so many people whom I knew dead?

He could not take his eyes away from this heap, this confused jumble . . . this common grave. . . . So many people? But then nearly all? . . . Per-

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haps Lambois? . . . Perhaps Riponnet? . . . And Veradier, who was always complaining of his faith . . . And Lucienne? . . . Oh no, not Lucienne . . . Why not?

Curiosity now seized him, stronger than his egoism or his prudence. He had a longing to see the names which were there . . . To know those which were not there! He opened a letter. . . .

When he had opened them all, he raised his head. He was extremely pale. He threw a stupefied look around him, frightened, fearful. He was all alone . . . All alone . . . Oh, how alone he was!

Riponnet was dead, Lambois was dead, Veradier was dead . . . and even Lucienne . . . He was alone, all alone. Abandoned by all those who had marched with him, the only one still marching. . . . He no longer seemed a living man, but a survivor.

He shivered. All these dead around him—two hundred dead—all at once!

He was remorseful, too. These gallant people who had told him of their pain, and to whom he had not sent a simple word of sympathy! . . . That charming Françoise Gestion, mother of those nice girls Claude and Simone, for example, who had lost her husband, a husband she had loved so much . . . No, it was not nice not to have been to see her. Well! He would go! He would explain to her that he had been traveling, that he had only just received the announcement!

He went. He was full of tenderness and charity. Françoise still lived in the same apartment. But he thought she had moved, for he heard noise, laughter, and music behind the door. No, she had not moved. She came to open the door herself, and received him with high spirits.

"Daniel! . . . Oh, what a nice surprise! Such a long time since we've seen each other! . . . And how good that you came today! . . . The children have invited some friends. They have gotten up a party. You must take a glass of champagne with us . . ."

M. Communeau saw himself in the hall mirror: he had dressed himself in black. He began his speech: "I have just made a very long voyage. It was only on returning that . . ." But he did not dare finish. He thought of the date on the announcement; it was two and a half years since Françoise's husband had died. . . . Two and a half years. . . . Ah yes! Life wants everything to be appeased, to become forgotten, everything to continue. . . .

But M. Communeau felt himself more icy than when he sat before the two hundred black envelopes. He understood now to what a degree one is dead when he is dead.

He was so stricken that he fell ill. He understood too late that all these dead would have moved him less, that this forgetfulness would have moved him less, if he had learned them one by one in their own time.

"The next letter which comes," he said, "I will open right away!"

But he did not have time to get one. . . .

—André Birabeau

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FALSE ALARM

VERILY, A WOMAN'S CALL TO DINNER IS A SNARE AND A DELUSION AND THEN SOME

I'M trying not to be too bitter about this, but I think it's high time we men of Sparta banded together and did something about women who say "dinner is ready" when dinner is no such a thing. All my life women have been calling me to dinner when it wasn't ready, and I've got now so that I can scarcely believe anything a woman tells me. Women have only themselves to blame for this.

This deceitful business of calling the masculine side of the household to dinner, sometimes even before the table is set or the potatoes put on to boil, is practised almost universally by women, I am sorry to say. Most of the men I have talked with have become negatively adapted to word combinations such as "I'm almost ready to serve" and "You'd better start getting ready for dinner," and it is no longer possible to coax them from their easy chairs and evening newspapers except by passing a forkful of mashed potatoes and gravy under their very noses.

I have discussed this matter with a great many women, but never have I got a satisfactory explanation. I recall a conversation, as a youth, with one sweet thing on a moonlight night. We had left a club dance and were strolling idly along the shore of a beautiful little lake.

"There is something I would like to ask you," I blurted.

"Yes?" she said softly.

"Tell me," I said, "why do women call men to dinner before dinner is actually ready?"

Without a word she turned on her heel and returned to the clubhouse.

In my own household, we are currently trying a new plan, adapted from the technique of announcers at race tracks. By this means I am able to follow dinner's preparation through its various stages, from its inception to its serving. At intervals my wife announces: "The dinner is on the stove!"—"The steak has been broiled on one side!"—"The potatoes are now approaching the serving dish!"—"The salad is leading to the table!"—and finally—"Dinner is served!"

It's an admirable method, and I find I now only have to wait three or four minutes at the table for dinner to appear. While I am waiting I nibble at my salad. —DOUG WELCH

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A TALE OF TRUTH

THE TEAR-JERKING PLIGHT OF MISS TEMPLE, HEROINE OF AMERICA'S FIRST BEST SELLER

"ARE you for a walk?" said Montraville to his companion, who was.

And thus it came about that the two redcoats, awaiting embarkation orders to America, laid eyes on Charlotte Temple, a "tall, elegant" girl of fifteen, who, with the rest of Madame du Pont's school in Portsmouth, was also "for a walk" that fateful hour. The story of the seduction that followed was drenched with the tears of our ancestors for three generations before *Uncle Tom's Cabin* broke the record of *Charlotte Temple* as America's best seller.

Herself the daughter of a redcoat officer stationed in Massachusetts, Susanna Haswell Rowson, author of the second American novel, had spent most of her girlhood in this country, returning to England in 1778, when the rebels confiscated her father's property. Talented and accomplished, she became governess to the children of the Duchess of Devonshire, met the Prince of Wales, through him obtained a pension for her father. Fanny Burney-wise, she capitalized on her experiences among the nobility in a novel, *Victoria*, published in 1786.

Mrs. Rowson's arrival in America was the literary event of the 1790's. Her *Charlotte: A Tale of Truth* was published in 1794. In a few years it was bought by some twenty-five thousand people, was probably read by a half million during the next half century, when 160 editions were published, the number probably passing 200 (in both England and America) by 1905, when the last edition was made. Everywhere it was received without criticism, praised for its "Truth" and its high moral tone.

This *Tale of Truth* was supposedly based on an actual amour of the author's kinsman, and the heroine was believed to be a well-known member of the British nobility.

Charlotte Temple's father was the youngest son of a nobleman "whose fortune was by no means adequate to the antiquity, grandeur, and pride of the family." This grand old nobleman wished his son to marry 3000 pounds a year—the lady was eager—but the more noble son chose instead to mortgage his own meagre estate to pay a debt which kept a noble officer unjustly imprisoned, and "vir-

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tually a prisoner with him, a lovely creature, fair as the lily, but sorrow had nipped the rose in her cheek before it was half blown." He married the lovely creature and took her and her father to a cottage, where life thereafter was presumably an idyll.

Until that fateful day years later when their daughter Charlotte, pupil at Madame du Pont's fashionable school, went for a walk.

When Charlotte encountered the sauntering young lieutenant's glance of admiration, she blushed. She recognized him as the fascinating officer she had met at a ball two years before. Montraville, who scarcely remembered the child of thirteen, was immediately enamored of this "tall, elegant" girl.

The second time Charlotte went for a walk that day, she was not so blameless. She had been persuaded by Mlle La Rue, French teacher at Madame du Pont's, to accompany her to a little party. Charlotte should not have gone. But we may excuse her for not recognizing the villainess in school teacher's clothing. On the way, they again met the two redcoats, and this time Montraville handed Charlotte a letter. After the party she discusses this with Mademoiselle:

"He gave me this letter: what shall I do with it?"

"Read it, to be sure," returned Mademoiselle.

"I am afraid I ought not," said Charlotte. "My mother has often told me I should never read a letter given me by a young man without first giving it to her."

"Lord bless you, my dear girl," cried the teacher smiling, "have you a mind to be in leading strings all your life? Prithee open the letter, read it, and judge for yourself; if you show it to your mother, the consequence will be you'll be taken from school and a strict guard kept over you."

"I should not like to leave school yet," replied Charlotte, "until I've gained a greater proficiency in my Italian and music. But you can, if you please, Mademoiselle, take the letter back to Montraville and tell him I wish him well, but cannot with any propriety enter into a clandestine correspondence with him." She laid the letter on the table and began undressing herself.

"He writes a good hand," remarked La Rue.

"'Tis well enough," said Charlotte, drawing the letter towards her.

"He is a genteel young fellow," said La Rue, "but I think he is marked with the small pox."

"O you are greatly mistaken," said Charlotte, "he has a remarkably clear skin and fine complexion."

"His eyes, if I could judge by what I saw," said La Rue, "are grey and want expression."

"By no means," replied Charlotte, "they are the most expressive eyes I ever saw."

"Well, child, whether grey or black, his eyes are of no consequence; you have determined not to read his let-

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ter; so it is likely you will never see or hear from him again."

Charlotte took up the letter, and Mademoiselle continued:

"He is most probably going to America; and if ever you hear any account of him, it may be that he is killed; and though he loved you ever so fervently, though his last breath be spent in a prayer for your happiness, it can be nothing to you. You can feel nothing for the fate of a man whose letters you will not open and whose sufferings you will not alleviate by permitting him to think you would remember him when absent and pray for his safety."

What chance has a girl of fifteen, however tall, against such art? Given a Lovelace in a handsome uniform, plus a monitor so wily as La Rue, and the story is already told. A few pages later:

"Charlotte had, when she first went out to meet Montraville, flattered herself that her resolution was not to be shaken, and that she would never repent the indiscretion of a clandestine interview. But alas, poor Charlotte! she knew not the deceitfulness of her own heart or she would have avoided the trial of her own stability."

Of course Montraville persuaded her to elope with him to America. La Rue would go too, to solace Belcour, Montraville's companion on his walks. When the day came, however, Charlotte had firmly decided to back out.

"I cannot go," said she. "Cease, dear Montraville, to persuade. I must not: religion, duty, forbid."

"Cruel Charlotte," said he, "if you disappoint my ardent hopes, by all that is sacred, this hand shall put a period to my existence. I cannot—will not live without you."

"Alas, my torn heart!" said Charlotte. "How shall I act?"

Her friends showed her how by lifting her into the chaise. As it drove off, she shrieked and fainted in the arms of her betrayer.

Meanwhile, in the home of the youngest son of a nobleman, preparations were afoot for a surprise birthday party for an exemplary only child. It is the first time we have been taken into this paradise since it was established. We find Mr. Temple as noble as ever, his wife sweeter, and the doting grandfather, to whom is entrusted the errand of bringing Charlotte from Madame du Pont's for the day, the only one strong enough to bear the horrible news that she is not there. A heartrending family scene follows. But we must follow Charlotte.

Of the long voyage to America we see little but Charlotte's writhing conscience and La Rue's machinations to win the captain of the boat, a susceptible widower. Belcour—we have feared him from the first—turns his attentions to Charlotte. But it is only after some weeks in America that Belcour becomes the arch-fiend of the piece. La Rue, married now to the sea captain, and climbing the social ladder, has kicked Charlotte off. Montraville

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is invited more and more frequently into New York society. He is charmed by a banker's daughter:

"Julia Franklin was the very reverse of Charlotte Temple: she was tall, elegantly shaped, and possessed much of the air and manner of a woman of fashion; her complexion was a clear brown, enlivened with the glow of health; her eyes, full, black, and sparkling, darted their intelligent glances through long silken lashes."

Charlotte, more and more alone in her cottage outside the city, weeps that her parents do not write, and takes long walks, making up excuses for Montraville's negligence as she goes. There is one gleam of hope: a golden-hearted neighbor braves public opinion and talks to the wretched girl. Guessing why the parents are silent, she gets Charlotte to write them one more letter, which she herself posts. But then she has to go to Vermont, and Charlotte is alone again.

Alone, save for that Snake in the Grass, Belcour, who now attempts to insinuate himself into Charlotte's graces. She recoils from him. All his wiles fail—but one. He drops sly remarks to Montraville. He manages to be at the cottage cheering Charlotte up whenever Montraville arrives. And one day, just at the crucial moment of Montraville's interest in Julia Franklin, Belcour plays his masterpiece. He has come to call upon Charlotte, but on the servant's word that she is resting, he sits in the parlor idly turning over the pages of a book (villains never read) when he spies Montraville coming up the walk. Quick! He panthers up the stairs and into Charlotte's room. She is asleep, has cried herself to sleep, but what cares he? He lies down beside her!

Montraville does not pause to turn over the pages of a book. He mounts the stairs, he opens the door—

In vain does Charlotte beseech him to believe her. On her knees she implores him, but he flings her off. Denouncing her, he departs, never to return.

Still he has moments of doubt and longing. It cannot be that Charlotte is thus false to him! Perhaps, after all, Belcour is to blame. He waits for Charlotte to write. No word comes. Villain ought to suspect villain here, for it is now Belcour who is intercepting Charlotte's letters. But there waits Julia Franklin, and Montraville turns to her.

He is a gentleman, Montraville. Never will he shirk a debt of honor. To Belcour, her new lover, he entrusts the money to provide for Charlotte and her child. Belcour does his best, but Charlotte refuses to be reasonable. She will have none of him. None of the gold either, then, Belcour decides.

And Charlotte is now indeed alone. Her servant leaves. The landlady calls for her rent, contemptuously turns her out into the cold winter streets. The kind neighbor is still in Vermont. There is but one in America to whom Charlotte can turn—La Rue, now

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married to the sea captain. Charlotte has no money. She walks the long miles into the city and arrives, near collapse at her friend's house. The mistress, who is entertaining a gentleman caller, doesn't know any Charlotte Temple. Must be some mistake. Charlotte's frantic pleas at this reply send the butler a second time to his mistress, and Charlotte crawls after him. Desperately she implores the French woman's pity, but La Rue orders the "crazy creature" put out. The kind servant takes Charlotte to his own poor home, where that night her baby is born.

Somehow the kind neighbor who posted Charlotte's letter to her parents finds her here, and the father, too, who has hastened to America in answer to that letter. Charlotte rouses from her delirium for a few pages of pathos on the subject of her sin, and dies, forgiven, in her father's arms.

This is the book over which so many thousands of our forebears "sighed and wept and sighed again." It is a downhill story, all wretchedness, all regret. Conscious of its monotony of sorrow, the author interpolates:

" 'Bless my heart,' cries my young volatile reader, 'I shall never have patience to get through this volume; there are so many ahs! and ohs! so much fainting, tears and distress, I am sick to death of the subject' . . . But softly, gentle fair one; I pray you, throw it not aside till you have perused the whole."

Thus frequently she addresses her readers, warning the young, sermonizing to "you mothers who may be perusing these pages before placing them in the hands of your daughters." She is aware that her story seems to reward villainy, which goes blithely on to happy marriages and material welfare, while innocence suffers. But she warns that retribution is certain, and assures that "the tear of compassion shall fall for the fate of Charlotte, while the name of La Rue shall be detested and despised."

Why was this book so popular? It is unrelieved by suspense or any spark of humor, ardent wooing or the feverish pangs of love. Herein probably lay a part of its success, in those days when a novel was still something to thrust under a pillow when company came.

But it is a tale of seduction, that favorite sin of the 18th century. Fifty years after *Clarissa Harlowe*, with none of that book's perfervid emotion or sensualism but austerely cloaked in morals, Mrs. Rowson's book precipitated a hectic run of American Lovelace tales.

Truth was a requisite to the success of this fiction, and if it was a true story about some prominent person, it was doubly horrific. The horror *motif* of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances could not compete with these love horrors. Is it any wonder that a short century after this Tale of Truth had its hey-day, we find the breed of True Stories and True Confessions still America's best seller? —Ruth Porter

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BANK NIGHTMARE

SUBJECT: FAITH IN HUMAN NATURE;
SETTING: A PAYING TELLER'S WINDOW

MR. NORRIS found himself at the end of a long line at one of the paying teller's windows in the Great Consolidated and Overorganized Bank of Gotham. In his hand he clutched a check, made out to himself, for ten dollars. He had endorsed it on the back. The line moved slowly.

When Mr. Norris finally came to the window and handed the teller his check, the teller took it silently, looked suspiciously at Mr. Norris, turned the check over on its back, looked suspiciously again at Mr. Norris, showed the check to another man in the rear of the cage, muttered something, came back, and said: "Are you Norris?"

"Yes," said Mr. Norris.

The teller looked unimpressed. "Do you know anybody here who can identify you?"

Mr. Norris shook his head.

"Well, have you any means of identification on you?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Norris, brightening. "Certainly." He fished out his wallet, and handed a piece of paper to the teller. "That's my operator's license. And my signature, too."

The teller looked at it skeptically. "That's a New Jersey license," he said, "and this is a New York bank."

"I know it is. All I'm trying to do is get a check cashed—not drive a New York car."

"I have to be sure you're Frederick Norris," insisted the teller.

"But the license proves it."

The teller shook his head. "No, it doesn't. The license is presumably Frederick Norris's but that doesn't prove *you're* Frederick Norris."

"Oh," said Mr. Norris, "so that's it. You mean I might have stolen the license. All right. My signature's on it, isn't it? It tallies with the signature on the back of the check, doesn't it?"

"Maybe, but how do I know either of them are your signatures?"

"Very well. Give me a pen, and I'll sign my name."

The teller grudgingly handed him a pen and a piece of paper. Mr. Norris scrawled his signature, and handed it back. The teller looked at it skeptically for some time, and said: "It doesn't look like the other signatures to me."

"What!" said Mr. Norris. "What

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do you mean? Do you mean to say—"

"Those N's don't look quite the same," said the clerk stolidly. "Have you any other means of identification?"

"Have I any other—" gasped Mr. Norris. "Here. Look. Here's my hat. Look at the initials in the hat-band. —F. C. N."

"That doesn't prove anything," said the teller. "Your name might be Francis C. Nozzle."

"But it isn't!" roared Mr. Norris. "Nozzle! Whoever heard of a name like that? I tell you my name is Frederick C. Norris!"

"Well," said the teller, "the hat may be Frederick C. Norris's, but how do I know *you're* Frederick C. Norris."

"Oh," said Mr. Norris, "you're back to that again, are you? Look." He put the hat on his head. "It fits me perfectly, doesn't it?"

"Fairly well, but naturally you wouldn't steal a hat that didn't fit you."

"What! You're accusing me of stealing this hat!"

"I haven't accused you. Don't worry. I won't call the police—yet."

"What!" said Mr. Norris, more outraged than ever.

"Have you any means of identification?" inquired the teller.

"You ask me that! After all we've been through. I show you my license and hat. Here—look at this. It's my membership card in the Sunnyvale Country Club. Take a look at it."

The teller looked at it, and handed it back. "You mean it's Frederick C. Norris's—"

Mr. Norris had raised his hand to forestall the inevitable objection when, to his great joy, he saw Edward Nash, a good friend of his, near him.

"Ed!" he said, "You're just the man I'm looking for! How do you happen to be here?"

"Well, Fred," he replied. "I ought to be. After all I'm one of the vice-presidents here."

"Well, tell this d—, tell this teller who I am. I've been having a time getting this check cashed."

"Certainly," said Nash. He went up to the teller. "This is Frederick Norris," he said. "Please cash his check for him." He turned to Mr. Norris. "There's a conference I have to attend. Nice to have seen you."

"Now," said Mr. Norris triumphantly, "if you'll kindly—"

But the clerk shook his head. "How do I know you're Frederick Norris?"

"What!" said Mr. Norris, utterly stunned. "After he just—why of all the—" Words failed him.

"He might have been fooling me," said the teller.

Mr. Norris's fists clenched. The blood rushed to his cheeks. "Listen!" he shrieked. "You cash that check or I'll—I'll—" Mr. Norris gradually became conscious of a hand tugging at his shoulder.

"Fred," said a familiar voice in his ear, "wake up. Whatever is the matter with you?" —PARKE CUMMINGS

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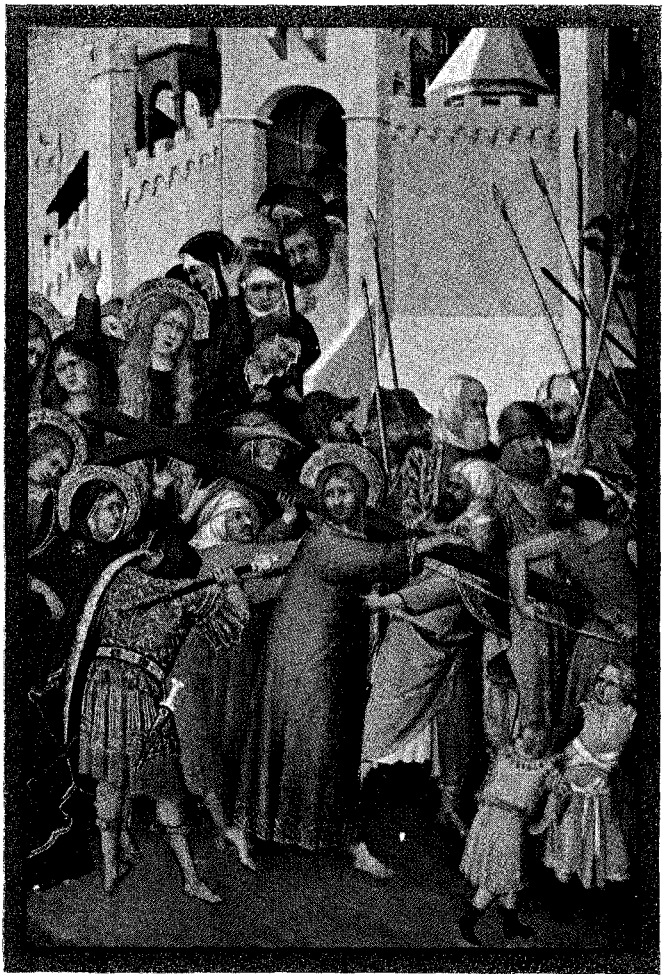

THE LOUVRE, PARIS

EIGHT ITALIAN RELIGIOUS PAINTINGS

To the vast subject of art and the Church, these paintings add divergent footnotes. Fra Angelico (1387-1455), whose *Resurrection* is reproduced, was not only with the Church but of it. A Dominican monk, he was literal about his piety, kneeling when painting the figure of Jesus.

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THE LOUVRE, PARIS

TWO PANELS OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

It was fitting that Giotto, who opened the eyes of his contemporaries to the beauties of nature, should have commemorated the life of St. Francis of Assisi. For it was St. Francis, to whom even the birds were brothers, who reconciled nature to religion, and thereby to art.

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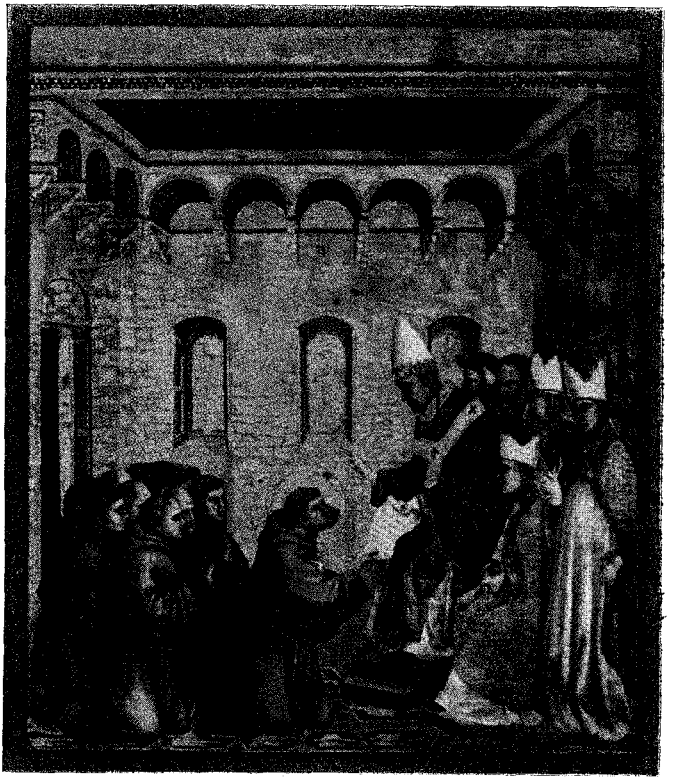

BY GIOTTO DI BONDONE (1266-1337)

Religious paintings were more ideograms than representations until Giotto, the shepherd boy who became a painter and ushered in the Renaissance, brought his figures to life and, in place of the accepted formalized symbols, substituted the greater symbol of nature.

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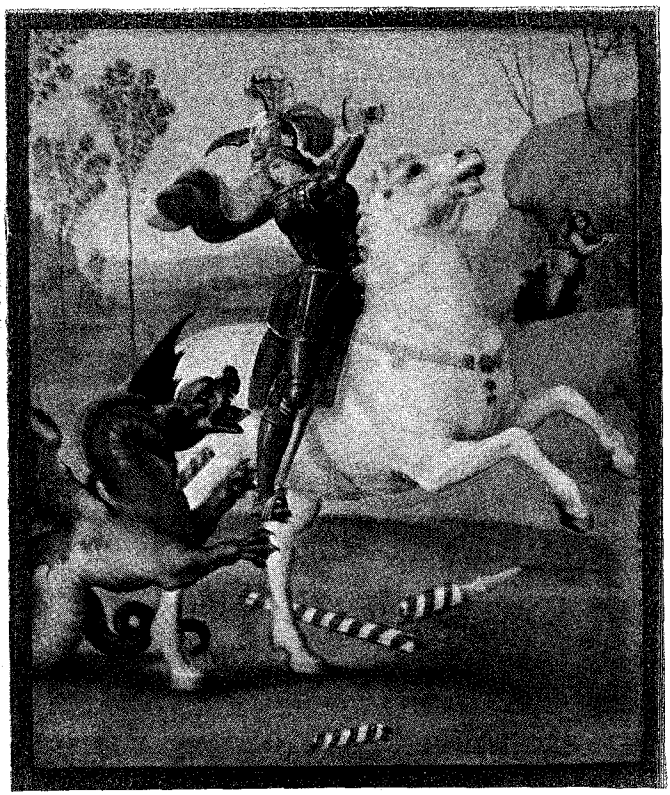

THE LOUVRE, PARIS

ST. GEORGE AND ST. MICHAEL

In these two panels, painted in 1503 when he was only 20, the young Raphael gave ample notice that the most swiftly ripening career in art was well under way. He died at the age of 37, leaving a reputation virtually unchallenged during the four intervening centuries.

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BY RAPHAEL SANZIO (1483-1520)

By Raphael's time, the artist had become less a servant of the Church and more a member of a respected profession. The Church still dominated, but when jealous rivals claimed that Raphael was lax in his religious duties, Pope Leo said, "Well, he is an artistic Christian!"

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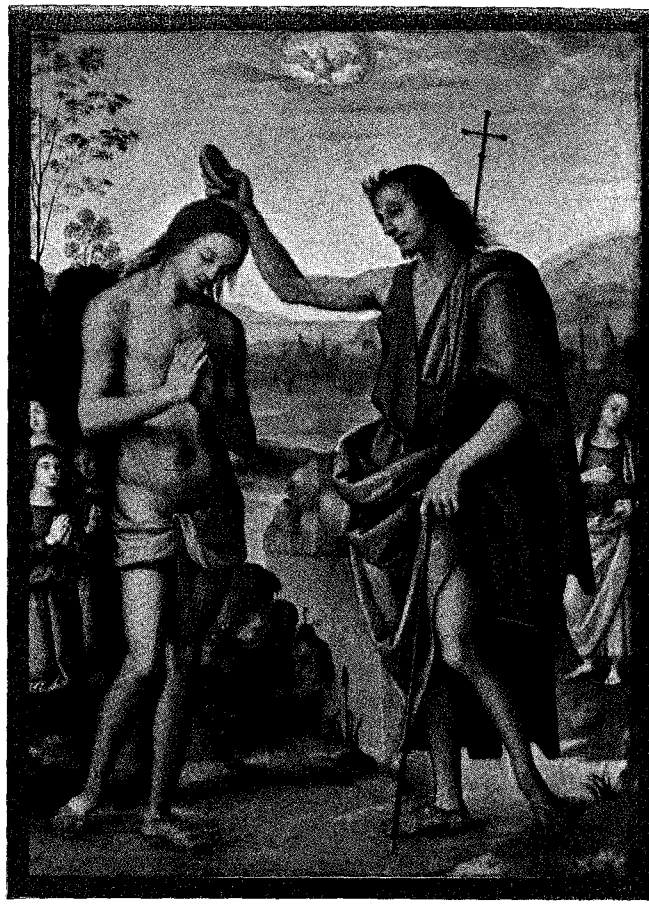

KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM, VIENNA

BAPTISM OF CHRIST; ST. JEROME

Overshadowed though he was by his great pupil, Raphael, Perugino's talent for composition made its mark. He worked for symmetry, placing his figures in vistas of infinite space against an undulating horizon. A feeling of calmness and serenity was instinctive with him.

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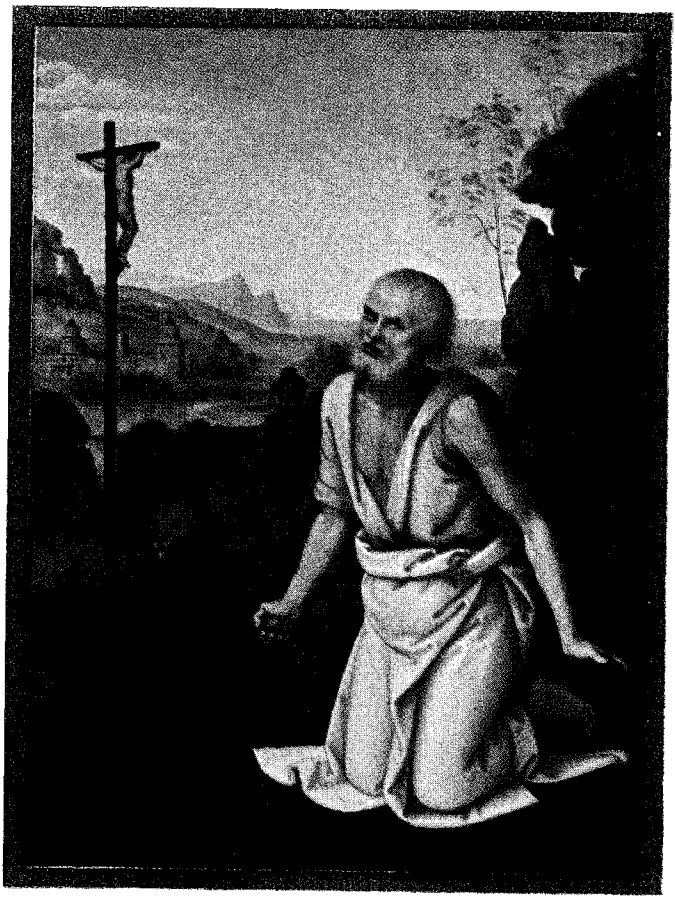

BY PIETRO PERUGINO (1446-*c.*1523)

Perugino's faults neatly balance his virtues, for they emanate from the same source—his scientifically studied compositions. To be sure, his compositions always came out right, but they resulted in mechanically posed figures, an absence of motion and a monotony of rhythm.

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NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

ST. ANTHONY BY PISANELLO

Antonio Pisano (1397-*c.*1455), called Pisanello, was primarily a medalist, and the firmness of line and delicacy of modeling of his medals proclaim him a master of this craft. Both through his medals and his painting, he furthered the development of profile portraiture.

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WAR IS SWELL!

HOW ABOUT STARTING THE NEXT ONE TO MAKE THE WORLD PROFITABLE FOR YOURS TRULY?

IF HITLER would send a thousand bombing planes roaring over France tomorrow . . . if Russia and France would close in on Germany from both sides . . . if Italy would come bristling across the Alps to Germany's aid . . . and if England would jump into the conflict with all four feet . . . I would be happy.

It's been over eighteen years since the world has had a good war and we need another. The business in which I am investing my money needs new blood pumped into it at regular intervals and war is the quickest, surest injection we've yet discovered. For awhile it looked as though the Spanish affair had possibilities, but all of a sudden it got local again and petered out just like the Ethiopian fiasco. The trouble is there's been too much bluffing and drum-thumping on the Continent with no one quite having the nerve to supply the spark needed to touch off a good, big free-for-all scrap like the last one. Nevertheless, my faith in Europe is unshaken and I have unbounded trust in her ability to start a war within the next few years that will make the last one look like a dog fight. And if the United States joins in again it will be almost too good to be true.

Now, don't curl your lip that way. I'm not a munitions maker. I'm not even a military or naval officer. And I haven't any political ambitions. Personally, I don't want to see men killed or mutilated any more than you do, but there always have been wars and there always will be, unless we get suddenly civilized. And persons not directly connected with the fighting will always be the ones who will profit from it.

Well, I'm one of those persons, and death is just about as good a friend as I have. I like wars because they create new names, and the owners of these names never fail to write letters which eventually become valuable. I am an autograph collector.

Right now I'm laying in a good stock of Franklin D. Roosevelt letters. Why? Well, because I like the looks of the European set-up and there's a perfectly good possibility that the United States will get mixed up in any war that starts while he is still in office. If so, his letters will be worth

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at least double the amount they would be if no war occurs during his tenure.

I'm still sorry that Huey Long was murdered. As a dictator he was the best bet this country has ever had and I was playing a long shot by grabbing up all his letters I could lay hands on. Of course, I'm stuck with them now, for Long's name won't live except in newspaper files. But if he *had* seized the reins of this country by force and installed a fascist form of government. . . . !

At present I am also buying heavily in Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin letters. They only cost $50 now—when you can get them—but if they start the fight I expect them to, within the next few years those will immediately be worth $100 apiece. Likewise, I consider it good policy to pick up a few Goering, Chamberlain, and Count Ciano letters, for in any war that comes they'll be playing a big part. The French political situation is still too unsettled for even a long shot choice.

It's not because there aren't lots of good buys among the letters and papers of literary figures that I stick so closely and lovingly to the war field. It's because authors come and go in fashion too quickly to be the same reliable investments, as a class, while figures carved by the sword almost never drop in value as far as autograph collectors are concerned. The best proof of this was the depression during which the letters of most literary figures dropped to less than one-half their pre-'29 values and the letters of those who had been idealistic enough to fight for their countries lost scarcely a dollar. Today a full-autographed letter of John Paul Jones is still worth the $250 minimum it was before the crash, but can you say the same for a Thackeray letter? Well, hardly.

When one speaks of war-time heroes he isn't necessarily referring to those generals who actually get out on the battlefield and wave their field glasses from the dangerous altitude of a staff car.

Every war produces just as many men who climb to immortality without leaving their desks as it does men who reach the same place by wading through mud and bullets. A good war is like a good rain to a drouth-stricken country. And if you want to carry on the simile, then the men who rise to the top during the stormy period are like windshield wipers—all of a sudden they become of immense value.

I'm not buying up letters and papers and hoping there will be another war soon with the idea that I'll get suddenly rich. It takes an average of fifty years after a man's death before his papers and letters become worth anything. Of course, there are exceptions like Lincoln, whose letters have been of considerable value almost since the night of his assassination. Today a good A. Lincoln letter (his commissions and appointments were signed Abraham Lincoln) written during the war period will command up to $3000

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and usually more, depending upon the content. However, the fifty-year rule holds good for almost anyone else, and it's only within the last fifteen years that Civil War generals have started to become valuable. You can still get good letters written during some of the most important battles by Sherman, Hooker, McClellan, and Burnside for $5 and $10 apiece, if you want them.

It's in the World War field that I stand the best chance of picking up "bargains." All of the letters of the War figures are dirt cheap today, and you can get the most important of Pershing's for $10; Foch's and Hindenburg's are worth only $20; Jellicoe's, Allenby's, Joffre's, and Kitchener's bring but $15, and the Kaiser's best commands only $7.50. It will take thirty years to tell how good my judgment has been in the purchase of these papers, but my children will profit by it.

Meanwhile I've got my money invested in "scraps of paper" which no depression or change of administration will affect.

To show how valuable these letters could become within a couple of generations I'd like to quote a few prices from the current list of old-time fighters.

Today a letter by General Washington of the most trivial sort is worth $200, and there's only the sky for a limit if a couple of wealthy Washington collectors get to bidding against each other at an auction. The rare letters of Captains Miles Standish and John Smith are listed at $500 to $1000 apiece, and Paul Revere's letters cost from $50 to $300 and are about as easy to find on the market as a minister at a burlesque show.

Naturally I don't expect these World War letters to reach such heights, but they very possibly will eventually equal General Robert E. Lee's letters which now sell for from $40 to $100 and are getting better every year.

Like most business men, autograph collectors are gamblers at heart. They buy and sell with all the judgment and facts they can command, but there are still so many unpredictable factors involved that they can make or ruin his transaction. For instance, if I had been alive when Lord Nelson was fighting I could hardly have foreseen that he would lose his right arm. If I had I'd have bought a lot of his earlier letters because after that all his letters were written with his left hand and the former are considerably more valuable today because of their scarcity.

Or a still better illustration: if only I could have foreseen Douglas Freeman's biography and started collecting General Lee's letters a few years ago I'd have profited nicely. The book exerted a marked influence on Lee prices simply because it introduced thousands to a character in history about whom they had known but little and his signature became desirable if only for sentimental reasons.

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Similarly the value of Captain William Bligh's letters took an upward leap as a result of the book and movie, *Mutiny on the Bounty*. It's things like this which make you want to buy every scrap of paper ever written upon by anyone at any time.

A war in Europe, now, would be valuable to me just as much for what it would destroy as for what it would create.

Everyone hears about the museums and art objects ruined by shells and bombs, but how much publicity is given to the destruction of valuable records and documents? Like anything of value the prices of autographed letters and papers are strictly governed by their rarity. Therefore, when files and archives are pillaged and the contents burned, the owners of autographed items in the same field are just that much better off. During and after our own Civil War there was so much pillaging in the South by the Union forces that today Southern generals' papers are worth far more than the letters of the Union army leaders, just because they are much scarcer.

When the Union troops were encamped in Washington during the early months of the war the problem of baking enough bread to feed them became acute. In a desperate move the Government emptied out the vaults underneath the capitol building itself and installed ovens there. Soon huge sleds piled high with massive stacks of all the Government papers relating to the early colonial period and the Revolution were wending their way through the snow-covered streets to the Potomac where the papers were dumped into the waters. Only one individual, a bystander, had the curiosity to grasp a handful of papers from the top of one of the sleds. Among the papers he held were letters by Washington, Hancock, and Jefferson! If he had taken the whole sledful he would have become a wealthy man.

At any rate, I agree with Jefferson —every generation in every country needs a revolution, only I'm not as particular. Any kind of a war will suit me as long as it's big enough and lasts long enough. That's why the current set-up in Europe looks so good. Naturally, in buying the letters of Hitler, Stalin, and Mussolini today I'm taking the risk that any one of them may lose his popularity and disappear from the scene as quickly as he appeared, but it's not very likely to happen at this writing.

And suppose I do manage to purchase a few dozen good letters of both Hitler and Mussolini, and a Second World War does break out, and the two of them fight it out against Europe side by side? Probably another 10,000,000 men would be killed before it was settled, but if those two came out on top as dictators of Europe, would I be sitting pretty? Would I!

Well, maybe it won't happen. But it's a nice thought, anyway.

—IRVING D. TRESSLER

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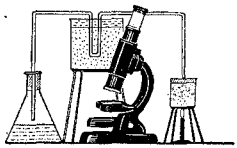
EXPERT IN LAW

A SPECIALIST'S COURT FEES HAVE A WAY OF ADDING UP, BUT HE EARNS IT



THE court room is not packed, for this is neither a scandalous nor a criminal action. Most of the spectators are probably friends of the plaintiff and admirers of his clever attorney. Or perhaps they are relatives with a monetary interest in the case, for the plaintiff claims that the employee of the defendant, a large oil company, negligently threw a steel wrench on the sand covered deck of his boat, striking sparks, igniting gasoline fumes, and burning the vessel. If he wins his case, it will mean thousands of dollars damages.

The technical expert for the defense has asked the court's permission to perform an experiment. To a whirling electric grinding wheel he applies a steel wrench, and allows the shower of sparks to fly into a cup filled with gasoline and its inflammable vapors. Do the glowing sparks set the gasoline on fire? Not a bit! When he is asked why, he tells the court, "Because such sparks aren't hot enough," and demonstrates the inflammability of the gasoline by igniting it with sparks from a piece of cigar lighter material held to the wheel. He is also willing to demonstrate the genuineness of the sparks from the wrench by igniting gunpowder with them, but the counsel for the plaintiff concedes that the sparks are real. The counsel for the defense asks that the windows be opened to let out the gasoline fumes—a good point, for it calls to the attention of the jury that the smell of gasoline is now evident to everyone in the courtroom. The case is practically over.

Here the technical expert has demonstrated simple facts that would not have been known to the attorneys. It seemed very easy, if a little spectacular, but it was worth much more than it cost. And how much did it cost?

Twenty-five dollars a day when not testifying is about as cheap as one can get a reputable expert of any qualifications at all. The fees are increased when, as in the above case, testimony is required. But a man ingenious enough to carry off the demonstration described would probably get at least a hundred dollars a day when not testifying, and double that or more in court.

And who are experts? The successful ones are those qualified by much

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more than a reputation as a consulting engineer or a position on the faculty of a reputable institution of learning. It is desirable that the expert have a record of achievement which will sound well in court, perhaps a doctor's degree in some branch of science, but there are more important things than this. An expert must have backbone enough to know he is the scientific brains of the case, and that he alone knows what experiments must be carried out, regardless of cost.

Too, an expert must be ingenious in getting at the real heart of the technical problem at hand. But while he must know his stuff, he must also know how to make the best impression in court. Especially in the case of a jury trial he will be asked all sorts of foolish questions, perhaps in fields of science with which he has little acquaintance. These questions are asked presumably to test his knowledge and establish his qualifications, but really they are prepared in advance in an effort to discredit him or to bring out points on which he could not otherwise be compelled to testify. Thus the expert must guard himself in all ways, carrying conviction with his manner, for the jury never and the judge seldom knows anything about science, and they must go by the general impression the expert makes. It is best for him not to confess even honest ignorance if he can avoid it.

One expert was asked, apropos of almost nothing,

"And how do you explain that doing so and so increases the pH of the solution?"

The expert had only a vague recollection of the meaning of all this. He was floored technically, but the attorney never knew it.

"I don't need to explain it," he replied. "It's an experimental fact!" And he read up on the matter before he had to take the stand again.

Scientific papers and books fill huge libraries. The expert can't know all that is in them, but that isn't as serious as it might seem. If he is really competent and has a good memory, he can in a few days find out more about the technical aspects of the case in question than the jury, the judge, or even the attorneys employing him can understand. Moreover, what is written in books can't be used in evidence anyway, for it allows of no cross-examination. A doctor employed in the Lamson murder case, for instance, had to sever an artery personally before he could testify as to how the blood would spurt. Unless it is "common knowledge," scientific authority has no weight in the court room, however acceptable it may be to men in the field. Hence one effective experiment is worth tons of opinion.

A competent physicist foolishly testified in the case of the burning of an oil truck that dirt on the trailing grounding chain might have made it ineffective. The opposing expert brought a static electric machine into the court room, short circuited the spark gap by tying a piece of chain

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between the terminals, and invited the physicist to make the chain dirty enough so that he could get a spark across the gap. Grease and dirt failed to insulate the links from one another, and the physicist repented his folly.

In sticking to the truth, the expert needs more than honest intentions. He must continually see to it that the attorney who is examining him does not lead him to lie unwittingly. If he is asked, "Did you not say so-and-so under examination yesterday?" he must either content himself with, "I may have," or ask to have the record read to refresh his memory. He must never answer yes or no to questions, but must rather avoid possible confusion by stating matters in his own unambiguous terms. He must not acknowledge authorship or contents of papers without examining them.

One expert was neatly tricked when the opposing attorney presented for his inspection an article he had written many years before. He acknowledged the authorship, and the attorney waved the document in his face and asked him a long series of "and did you not say in it—" questions. The expert acknowledged all of the quotations, although many were not in the article at all.

Lack of knowledge of the law has also led otherwise competent men astray. When a man is told, "You said under oath in this patent application that such and such a treatment produces a ductile product, did you not?" and is forced to acknowledge that he did, and further, that the treatment does not produce a ductile product, as he swore, he is apt to get flustered and make a fool of himself. One famous man, an employee of a large corporation, actually replied quite honestly, "They gave me some papers and I signed them. I didn't read them at the time." This was foolish and unnecessary. A legally acceptable answer, and one probably quite as honest, would have been that to the best of his knowledge at the time, the process did produce a ductile product.

The expert's greatest trials are judges and juries. Sometimes an Eastern corporation with an honest case involving, say, infringement, will prefer to prosecute first in some judicial district in the Middle West or West where there is a judge who is recognized as being scientifically informed. Nothing is more dangerous to a sound case than an uninformed judge or jury. Usually all the expert can do in a complicated case is to explain the matter honestly and hope that he will not be too gravely misunderstood. When in a certain case the expert stated Boyle's Law to the judge, and explained it by the simple but by no means obvious fact that, at a constant temperature, doubling the pressure on a gas will halve its volume, and the judge said that that sounded to him just like saying that if you drop an apple it will fall, the expert could only wonder what went on in the judge's mind and hope never to see him again.

—John Roberts

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INTOXICATION

Sometimes amid the drinks and careless pleasure
Where we four sit in blurred gay company
There comes a moment not within time's measure
When we see too much, when the soul stands free.

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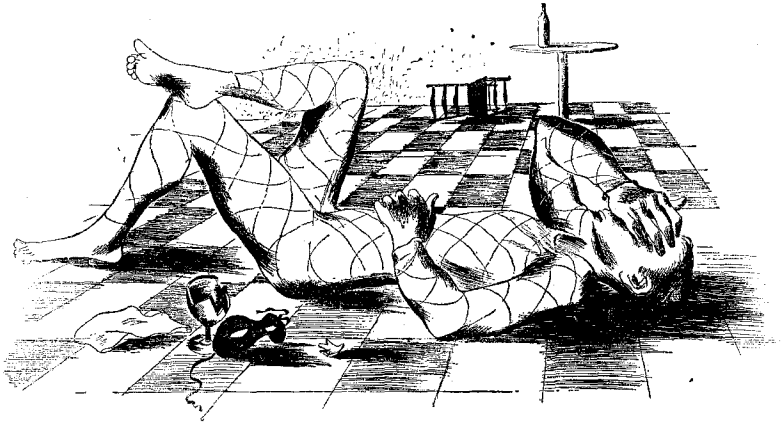
Then stark as trees against a lightening sky
The green and tangled life-stuff coiled beneath
Our smooth façades comes vivid to the mind's eye,
And hunger creeps from out its casual sheath—
The hidden lonely hunger that cries ever
To taste of some impossible completion,
The hope that crushes hope yet ceases never
But with death, and never knows repletion—
The glass brim. Time splinters into laughter,
And throats are slaked of what the soul burns after.

—JOHN HAVENER



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CONNOISSEUR OF VIOLINS

"SHREWDNESS OUTSHINES GOLD," THAT SLY ROCCO USED TO SAY—AND, INDEED, FOR ONCE IT DID

I was in Naples once more; the ambition of years was realized. Now, after eight years, I was back again among the familiar surroundings of my early days as an art student. I abhorred the cosmopolitan, tourist-ridden cafés and tawdry curio shops along the bay; on the hilltop, among ancient saints and merry-eyed imps, all breathing garlic and adventure, was where I felt at home.

At the *trattoria*, the tiny café where I had eaten every day during my student years, the hospitable Angelo was nearly swept off his feet with surprise. "Signor Americano, *Gesù Maria!*" He threw his arms around me. "I am glad to see you again. It is like old times." In a moment he was shouting orders to the kitchen for my favorite dishes, as though I had been there only the day before, and I was soon dividing my attention between the excellent food and Angelo's excited conversation.

"You came back here to study some more, no? You make much money in America?" He was sizing me up in an affectionate appraisal.

I smiled at his directness. "Study? Well, not exactly. I really came to visit my old friends, friends I never forgot. And by the way, I don't see your jolly wife, or Giovanni the waiter."

"Oh, Rosetta, she's getting a little old to work in the kitchen—too fat. That Giovanni, he got into a little trouble, long ago; he went away, I don't know where."

"And how about old Andrea? That's one character I will paint while I'm here." An old inspiration had suddenly revived, overwhelmingly. At last I could do justice to what I had intended to make my masterpiece. Andrea, the blind fiddler, I was bound to immortalize, and myself with him.

Angelo interrupted my daydreaming. "Did you ask about Andrea? You want to paint him now? I'm afraid it's too late, signore."

"Ah, no, never too late. The older he is the better. Wait, though—don't tell me the old man is dead!"

"No, he went away, long ago. I'll tell you about him—you might see him sometime. No one knew much about him; he never talked, except a little to me. He used to come in to get dry when it rained, and I would give

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him a glass of wine. I liked the old beggar. Poor Andrea."

He pulled his chair closer and continued in a lowered voice, "You also remember Rocco next door, who owns the food shop, don't you?"

"Yes, I remember him well." I recollected the man, a squatty, unpleasant fellow. "But what had he to do with Andrea?"

"That's what I'm going to tell you, signore. That *porco* is rich and mean, and very stingy, too. Nobody likes him. He is forever caressing those greasy, round bologna and fondling those little stomach-shaped cheeses, as if he had just given birth to them. Well, that greedy pig, he too would like to see Andrea. And what he wouldn't do to him now, if he could find him."

"But why, Angelo? I knew that he was unpleasant, but why did he hate that poor blind man?"

"Wait, you'll know." Angelo took a large gulp of wine, brushed his mouth with the back of his hand, and continued, "It began one afternoon. Andrea came into Rocco's shop, something he had never done before. The old man was very humble and apologetic; he had a small favor to ask—would Rocco take care of his violin until the next morning? His nephew from Genoa had come to Naples for a day, he said, and wanted to take him riding in a carriage.

"'All right, all right,' Rocco told him, and put the case on a shelf. The old man gave him a million thanks and blessings and went away smiling.

"Late that same evening, when Rocco was untying his dirty apron, ready to close the shop, an elegantly-dressed gentleman came in. He was a stranger, no one of the hilltop—*un grand signore*, like an English lord. He ordered some of the expensive, imported things. Rocco was proud; never before had he known such a customer, one who spoke such fine language, and while he was tying up the package the aristocrat remarked, 'I see that you sell violins too.'

"'No, no, signore; I am only keeping that for a friend.'

"'I see. Do you mind if I look at it? I am interested in old violins. I just bought a fine Cremona from Cerruti, the violinmaker up the street.' He took the violin from Rocco's hands, opened the case, and at sight of the instrument was struck with amazement. He became absorbed and his eyes widened. Rocco looked on, bewildered.

"'Most extraordinary! I cannot believe my eyes!' the gentleman kept exclaiming to himself, as he picked up the violin and scrutinized it minutely. 'Who did you say this violin belongs to?' he asked sharply.

"'Er—a friend, signore.'

"'Where is this friend—where can I reach him now? I must see him,' the gentleman said excitedly.

"'I am sorry, I regret, but I do not know where he is. Tomorrow early, though, he will be here, I am sure.'

"'No, that will not do. Find him for me immediately.'

"'It is impossible, signore, impossible.'

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"'Are you positive that he will be here tomorrow? Very well. Then I must ask you to do me a favor: have him here tomorrow evening at eight o'clock sharp. I'm leaving for Rome in an hour, but I shall be back without fail. That violin is priceless—I'd outbid a king for it. Here is my card; see that I am not kept waiting.'

"'Certainly, certainly, excellency. I shall have the man here; leave it to me.'

"When the gentleman left, Rocco stood like a man dreaming, staring at the worn fiddle, that now represented a fortune—and it had been just outside his door all these years. His mind was by then crowded with schemes. He looked about furtively, to make sure nobody had overheard his secret, but a light rain was falling, and the street was deserted. He locked the door carefully, and carried the precious fiddle to his room upstairs.

"All night long he paced the floor, never letting it out of his sight. What was he up to? You will see, signore. One can always bet on Rocco for shrewdness. 'Shrewdness outshines gold,' he always boasted.

"Early the next morning Andrea came back for his fiddle. Rocco received him with unnatural kindness. 'I have something to tell you, Andrea. Nobody understands me, everyone thinks I am stingy and cruel. Maybe I was, but it is different now. Thursday, watching the Miracle of San Gennaro, I had a vision; I must do good deeds before I die, and my friends will know that I am a good man. You, Andrea, will be the first one to know what a kind man I really am. For a long time I have felt sorry for you and wished that you could spend your last years in comfort. On a little farm, perhaps, or with your good nephew. With a thousand lire you could pay your own way and not be a burden to anyone. I, Rocco, will give you the money to do this. I was thinking about it all night long. What do you think, Andrea? Am I not a good man?'

" 'Oh, signore, I do not know what to think. Such goodness is divine. But how could I ever repay you?'

"'Repay? I do not ask repayment for my goodness. No, no. Anyway, you have nothing to repay me with. But wait—your worthless old fiddle—I would gladly accept that as a keepsake to remember you by. You would no longer need it, and it shall always be the proof that I did one good deed.'

"But Andrea would not part with the fiddle. 'No, signore, impossible,' he said to Rocco, 'I could not give you my fiddle; it is all I have, to connect me with the past.'

"Rocco saw the fortune in gold slipping away; he had not expected such stubborn resistance from the old man. He grew angry, he shouted at him, 'I will not let your foolish sentiments interfere with my good deeds. I want the fiddle now. I can make life easy for you immediately, you fool!'

"But Andrea only shook his head. 'No, I will not part with it for any-

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thing. Please return it to me, and I will bother you no longer.'

"Rocco was frantic. 'You wretched fool, you ingrate—you are as stubborn as a mule. I am tempted to break it over your head, or keep it. What could you do—what good is your word against mine? Must I use force to do you good? Here, mule—I too am a stubborn man,' and with this he threw a heavy leather bag with a crash upon the counter. 'This is the price I pay for my good deed. Five thousand lire. Now, beggar, are you satisfied?'

"Andrea stood for a moment perplexed, silent, then slowly he felt about the counter for the bag, extracted the coins and deftly counted them into his pocket and, with no word of farewell, shuffled his way out of the shop."

Angelo meditated over his wine. "Andrea never came back; nobody ever saw him again. I miss him greatly."

"What happened then?" I asked. "Rocco must have been happy over his new wealth that evening."

"Happy? Wait, signore. That was a long day for Rocco. Every few minutes he looked at his watch, but time seemed to stand still. When the big bell down the hill struck eight he nearly fainted; each boom came to his ears like a cannon-shot. It was the hour of fortune. Now! But still he had to wait—the gentleman was not there. For a moment the horrible thought occurred to him that there might have been an accident—the gentleman might be badly hurt, or killed . . . No, no, that could not be—the magnitude of the sum he had parted with fought against any thought of a possible loss. The gentleman *must* come. Like a fat corpse in a mortuary Rocco sat motionless, waiting, his face taking on the sickly pallor of the cheeses surrounding him. The heavy strokes of the big bell came again through the still air—nine o'clock. Time was rushing swiftly now, the minutes crowding one another. Ten—the ponderous sounds struck him like funeral tolls . . ."

I pictured myself as Rocco, waiting. "What an ordeal! Angelo, tell me, when *did* the gentleman finally arrive?"

"When did he arrive? *Signore mio!* Never! I saw Rocco the next day. *Madre di Dio!* I was scared! He was a crazy man; he looked like a pig that is very, very sick. You would have been scared yourself. And he was suspicious of everyone. I felt uneasy, with a madman next door. Later, the policeman on the corner told me what happened *that* night.

"When the Cathedral clock struck ten, Rocco jumped up like he was shot, grabbed the fiddle and, fat as he is, ran all the way to Cerruti's shop. It was closed, but he pounded and kicked on the door until the old lute-maker stuck his head out of the window upstairs and told him to go away, or he'd call for help. Rocco hollered, 'Come down, come down—it's me, Rocco. Come down at once.'

"'Well, why do you disturb me at

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this time of night? I'm asleep.' Finally Cerruti had to come down and let him in. He must have looked funny, that old man, in his nightcap, with his face like an old goat's." Angelo chuckled.

"Rocco asked excitedly, 'Is the rich gentleman here?'

"'What rich gentleman? Are you insane?'

"'The one from Rome, who bought the fine Cremona fiddle from you yesterday. Here, this one.' He pulled the aristocrat's card from his pocket.

"'Are you dreaming? What Cremona? I know no such man; nobody has been here tonight. I lock my shop early.'

"'Here, then—what is this?' Rocco shoved the fiddle into Cerruti's hands. 'Look.'

"'What, that? Why, just a cheap fiddle.'

"'No, no, no. Look at it carefully—it's priceless.'

"Cerruti looked it over perfunctorily. 'Priceless—nonsense!'

"'Yes, Cerruti.' There was agony in the other's voice. 'It's priceless!'

"'See here, Rocco—don't drink so much wine late at night. Stop your crazy talk. Take this thing and get out. It's a factory violin, can't you see—made in Germany by the thousand, for export trade. Sells for about seven hundred lire a dozen in Italy, thirty-five dollars a dozen in America. They're made by machine. Street musicians use them here; old blind Andrea outside your shop has one just like it. Get out now, I must get my sleep.' He guided Rocco firmly outside and slammed the door behind him. Rocco stood there in the street for a long time, and then stumbled aimlessly away.

"That is all, signore. Except that Rocco still has the fiddle. I guess maybe it reminds him of the great, charitable deed he did for Andrea, or perhaps he cannot convince himself that, for once, he was not shrewd. I don't know." Again Angelo shrugged his shoulders. "I don't believe that anyone will ever see Andrea again. There are many strange people on this hilltop, signore, many interesting types to paint. I'm glad you are back."

Later that evening, wandering through the ancient, familiar streets, I was conscious of something lost, something missing from them, or from within myself. From windows and narrow doorways I was being scrutinized and appraised by calculating eyes, just as any chance stranger on the hilltop would be. I experienced a feeling of nostalgia: I no longer felt at home there.

Poor old Andrea; where was he? What had become of the saintly-looking old rogue and of his clever, aristocratic accomplice? I would never know.

With quickened step I hurried downhill towards brighter thoroughfares, to the ultra-modern Hotel Continental and the conviviality of its crowded American bar.

—Ambo Leisch

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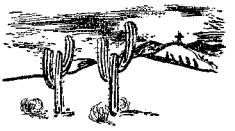
THE PENITENTES

IF WELL CONCEALED, YOU MAY HEAR THE FLESHY SWISH OF THE WHIPS AND EVEN SEE THE CRISTO



MEN will hang on wooden crosses, death carts will rattle on the rutted roads of New Mexico and the nights of Holy Week will be full of crying flutes.

It has been that way for centuries. It will be that way again in 1938. Let the tourists stage their Penitente Hunts. Let them lie half frozen under sheets by the roadside, or drive the mountain trails until their headlights pick out a lonely morada or a wayside cross. They've been hearing weird, bloody tales in Taos and Santa Fe about these pagan Penitentes and their secret rites. So it's very much the thing to organize a Penitente Hunt—until the hunters find the nights are bitter cold, the ceremonies well guarded. Half the time there is snow. But if he is willing to lie in a ditch rolled in blankets and shrouded by a sheet, the hunter probably will see the procession winding by and hear the tearing sound of cactus whips on the backs of the Flagellantes. If he stays comfortably in his parked car, there will be the inevitable advance guard; a lifted lantern and a dark face at the car window; a thumb jerked over one shoulder and the command—

"Get the hell outa here!"

The hunters have heard stories, too, about the people who didn't get out, and who simply weren't seen again. Nobody ever proved such a story. In Taos, white residents tell of being shot at when they refused to move. They were never even grazed by the bullets, though. Usually the brown face in the lamplight is enough, and the tourists move away. Occasionally, advance guards will find one of the more accessible moradas completely ringed by automobiles. They do not try to rout two dozen cars full of people. They merely march inside the morada and hold their rites in the windowless inner room. If the curious persist, even the crucifixion may be held indoors, and not a Penitente seen until after Good Friday.

Taos is the heart of the Penitente country. If you live there for a while, you learn that there are 10,000 of the brothers in New Mexico and southern Colorado. You learn, too, that it is useless to ask a native whether he belongs to the brotherhood. He never heard the word Penitente before.

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You may speak the best of Spanish, but he looks absolutely blank—"no sabe." All Taos knows that there *are* Penitentes holding powerful positions in the state; even some in the senate, where until a few years ago sessions were held in both Spanish and English. Nobody talks about it, though, and nobody asks questions. An army officer examining candidates for the National Guard looked incredulously at the rows of deep-scarred backs. Oh, but that was nothing—they'd all been Boy Scouts, the applicants explained and the scars came from the New Mexico Scout initiation.

High officials of the Catholic Church will tell you, if pressed, that Rome has excommunicated the whipping brothers. But the high officials are careful not to travel through the desolate hills in Holy Week, when the signal fires flare in the dark and the high, shrill sound of the flutes carries miles through the thin air. A quarter-mile away you can hear the cactus whips swish and thud; the chant of men's voices keyed below the wild flutes; the ratchet metracos, like a bunch of dry bones rattling together. Swinging lanterns and torches mark the winding way of the processions as they march from one morada to another. For a backdrop—impressively well named—the mountains of Sangre de Cristo (Blood of Christ) stand gaunt and forbidding.

Live in Taos, have a good friend among the native women and maybe you'll get to see the Tinieblas—or Earthquake—ceremonies on Good Friday night. Remember that the natives are Spanish, not Mexican. They're inbred and proud of it, and they'll hate you for hinting kinship with Mexicans or Indians no matter how their skin and features may contradict their blood claim.

Moradas are 'dobe chapels with a low door and sometimes a single high, narrow window. The moradas play a minor role in the everyday lives of the natives until the beginning of the Lenten Season. Then the brothers gather quietly, going through the chapel to a secret inner room where the whips, chains and crosses are kept and where none except the initiated have ever been admitted.

Inside the morada, the altar draped with lovely old handmade lace dominates the room. And there is a comedy note—an unbelievably slapstick touch there on the altar. It happened early in the 19th century, when church officials saw the hand-carved wooden Cristos of the Penitentes—Cristos as primitive as the red New Mexican soil, their wooden hands distorted with pain, their bodies twisted and dripping with blood. Magnificent figures, cut so the chisel marks show plainly and the gaunt body has a tortured frankness. The horrified priests hurried to their archbishop, and the edict was handed down—the Cristos must be covered. That is why you enter a morada now and come face to face with Cristos in striped rayon shorts and a ruffled bonnet. Some wear lace panties, others have

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gaudy silk shirts, faded hats askew, sometimes a silly little shawl over their carved wounds.

Illuminating the Cristo in his panties and hat are candles in bright tin holders. Here and there you can see dull blood stains on the 'dobe walls and earth floor. Blood that splashed from the backs of Flagellantes. You know that, if you are one out of a thousand white visitors admitted to the rite of Tinieblas on Black Friday evening.

All day long the Allabados, hymns handed down through the centuries, are chanted from the moradas as the pious prepare for Friday night. Shortly after dark, the ceremonies begin in the little chapel, where benches have been ringed in a horseshoe to hold some thirty or forty people. One of the Allabados, translated, shows the characteristic simplicity of the chants, some of them five hundred years old:

> This life is a riddle, and it keeps
> us in a dream.
> We invent amusements in order
> to support the pain.
> From the earth I was made, and
> the earth shall devour me;
> The earth has sustained me—and
> at last, earth I shall be too.

In the chapel on Black Friday night, the only light comes from thirteen candles in a tin candelabra over the altar, and from the lanterns of the Pitero and the Rezador. The Pitero is the musician—if you can call the thin wail of his wooden flute a melody. It is the same incessant crying that has haunted all the nights of Holy Week. Beside the Pitero, the Rezador half reads, half chants in Spanish the story of the storm-torn night on Calvary. Ermanos Mayor leads the service from his post in front of the thirteen flickering candles, the flutist and the reader pull a blanket over their heads to hide their lantern. With the chant and the Pitero's flutesong coming from huddled shadows, the airless room becomes intolerable, crowded with perspiring bodies and breaths coming in gasps. Even if you have made the mistake of coming to see a vaudeville show, you will find the slow terror getting you as the candles gutter out, the flute shrills and the resonant chants intone their solemn story.

The last candle goes dead, and in the black dark you hear the sudden sickening thud of whips. The Flagellantes have come silently into the back of the chapel. The congregation begins a shrill wailing, somewhere in the room the metracas start their bony rattle. Chains clank from the shackled ankles of the whipping brothers. Your clothes are splattered with blood; your brain catches the hysteria. Thunder comes from bare fists beating sheets of tin. The swish of the whips goes on and on. It seems all night before the first lull comes and the wailing changes to prayer. Slowly the prayers are muted, the candles come on and you look swiftly over one shoulder to the place in the back of the chapel where you heard those tearing whips. It is empty. The Flagellantes have gone, on silent feet, back to their inner room—and the

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Tinieblas has subsided. Half expecting the dawn, you join the line of haggard, exhausted people going out of the morada and home to bed. Your watch says not quite midnight.

You cannot see the Tinieblas on a Penitente Hunt. But you can catch a glimpse of the nightly Holy Week procession, if you are well guided and securely hidden from the guards. After a long, frigid wait, the guards go past with their lanterns prying into the shadows, and at last the hooded figure of Ermanos Mayor looms in the road, silhouetted by torches and flares. The Pitero weaves his thin flute songs, voices chant and the fleshy sound of the whips comes nearer. Back of Ermanos Mayor is a straggling line of men, the men whose voices you have heard singing their miserere. Then the Flagellantes, eight or ten in the procession. Some wear cactus thorns bound across their chests and torsos to be driven deep by the swinging whips. They hold the lash with both hands, swinging it first over one shoulder and then the other with bloody precision.

If it is late in Holy Week, the Flagellantes may wear bandages across their foreheads and cheeks, where the whips slipped from their course. Deep cuts are treated every day with rosemary tea; the bandages are permitted for the face and neck. No one will say how the Flagellantes are chosen. But at the beginning of the rituals, new brothers are initiated by having incisions made in their backs with flint or glass. Which isn't such thoughtless cruelty as it appears—the incisions permit a freer, easier flow of blood when the whipping begins.

Whips may be made of cactus strips, rawhide thongs or bayonet fibre. They always have cactus balls at the end of each thong; thorny balls that rip into the flesh and make the tearing sound that you can hear a quarter-mile away, reaching you in deadly, monotonous rhythm. The whipping brothers pass, their faces lean and immobile as a Goya painting, and then you hear the jogging wooden wheels of the Carreta del Muerto. That is the cart of death, a heavy wooden wagon with solid wheels, drawn by a single Penitente. He is harnessed with rawhide that cuts into his flesh as he pulls the Carreta over the ruts and stones. A wooden figure sits in the cart, a ghastly figure with green glass eyes that glitter in the lantern light. He wears a black cowl over his chalky bone face and his ribs jut from ragged black robes. He is holding a drawn bow and arrow. Often his eyes are bandaged to show the blind uncertainty of death. It is a high honor to drag the Carreta del Muerta in the procession, next only to the honor of carrying the cross. The cross-bearer comes stumbling along the road, bent almost double under the two hundred and fifty pounds of splintery wood that he manages somehow to pull after him.

But the human crucifixion? Nobody

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knows about that. In the villages, nobody has heard of such a thing. "No sabe." You cannot find a Penitente anywhere. They have all gathered in their secret rooms, preparing their honored brother for the great ordeal. Once—or so the old residents of Taos say—men were nailed to crosses and never heard of again. All talk, perhaps, but you can find the family of any devout brother looking anxious-eyed at the doorstep next morning. That's because—and again you have no proof—when a Penitente dies on the cross, his shoes are placed on the doorstep in the morning, and another nameless wayside cross appears along the road. This Easter, the chances are he will not die. There will be hundreds of him—hundreds of human Cristos hanging from crosses in the yards of lonely moradas, bound there by horsehair rope that slashes the toughest skin. Penitente brothers carry their Cristo from the morada, already tied to his cross. A deep hole has been dug, and in it they stick the cross with its human burden—a thin, limp man with blue jeans rolled above his ankles and a hood that completely shades his face. There he hangs—fifteen, twenty minutes—until he has fainted.

The wooden, scarlet-robed Cristo has had his blindfold removed so that he faces the man on the cross, recognizing his penance. The whole thing takes only a short while—but then, agony isn't measured in hours and days. Penitentes carry their Cristo, the Crucified One, back into the morada, fainting and still bound to his cross.

After Black Friday, a different spirit slips through the hills, a holiday, carnival spirit that makes the young girls powder so heavily that their dark skins look lavender, and the old women get out their best black ribozas as everybody turns toward the central Ranchos, or Catholic church. By dusk on Saturday, the hills are full of light and crying flutes; Penitentes coming from their remote moradas to the church in Taos. Wagons clatter through the streets, hung with bright ribbons and full of laughing people. The church yard is crowded to greet the processions and nobody seems to notice raw-wounded backs and drawn faces as the brothers march to the rattling matracos, standing their crosses outside the church and prostrating themselves like strange shadow-men in the dark before they enter to kneel at the altar. Holy Week nears its end, soon the moradas will be closed and dusty and soon Easter will dawn across the world. As far as Colorado, you can see a Penitente cross, stark against Starvation Peak. And even in the snow, red willows begin to bud and the balmy New Mexican spring is near. They are only native villagers now—Ermanos Mayor, the Pitero and Rizado, the Sangrador, or Blood Maker who cuts the backs of initiates —all gone back to everyday life with another year to heal their scarred backs.

—Janice Devine

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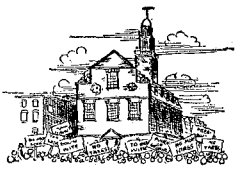
CITY OF DISSENTERS

THE PURITAN SPIRIT OF BOSTON STILL LIVES, THOUGH IT SPEAKS WITH AN IRISH BROGUE



THERE is no record that Leif Ericsson, son of Eric the Red, sturdy Icelandic leader, ever saw Beacon Hill, but Norsemen got as far south on the New England coast as Martha's Vineyard and probably Nantucket. Here in the 10th and 11th centuries they must have seen Cape Cod itself curling into the ocean like the tail of a seahorse.

Six centuries passed before the intrepid Captain John Smith explored the "stern and rockbound" coast and mapped out the region. Six years after Smith's visit the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. The settlers who founded Boston did not come for another ten years until certain members of the Massachusetts Bay Company signed an agreement with the Company to migrate to the New World, providing that the entire government should remain under their own control. These men were not Pilgrims but Puritans—there was a difference.

In 1630, after seventy-six days of travel on the Atlantic, a little fleet of four ships came into the harbor of Salem, carrying between seven and eight hundred settlers. They landed at Charlestown on June 17 and, after a hard summer there, crossed the Charles River, settled about a three-peaked hill called Trimountaine, and began to build a settlement of their own. Significantly, in the rules of conduct which the colonists agreed upon before they set foot in the New World, the spirit of communal enterprise was expressed thusly: "We must be willing to abridge ourselves of our superfluities for the supply of others' necessities."

On September 17 of that first year the name Trimountaine was officially changed to "Boston," the name of the county seat of Lincolnshire in England, from which many of the colonists came. The site of the three-pronged hill is now called Beacon Hill.

All the settlers who came to the New World made the journey either for adventure, for gold, or to find a new home where freedom of worship could be exercised. The founders of Boston came for the latter reason. They were stern, God-fearing men who valued freedom of worship above all other liberties. Much of what has been said about the Boston Puritan

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has emphasized too much his narrowness of vision. Not enough has been said about his courage and perseverance, and his dogged determination to rule himself.

John Winthrop, twelve times governor, and as firm a servant of his state as he was a servant of God, set the pace for the colonists' behavior. It was for the love of God and the desire to disseminate His word that Harvard College was founded in 1636, to train Christian ministers to teach among the Indians and the whites.

When all the colonies in the vicinity associated for mutual protection, Boston became the capital of the United Colonies of New England, or the Confederacy, as it was popularly known. The town meeting taught the colonists to govern themselves, the Confederacy gave them experience in shaping a federal association. By the end of the 17th century seven thousand people had made homes in the new town.

Perhaps it was the free air of New England, perhaps the good spirit of dissension that had served the Bostonian so long but these people could survey the behavior of the Crown and Parliament across the sea with cold and scrutinizing eyes. The mother-country had always wanted to make its colonies pay large profits into the royal treasury. Boston did not like it. Here in 1761 was the advocate-general of the province, James Otis, pledged to prosecute for the Crown. When the question of the "Writs of Assistance" arose Otis resigned his office and defended the cases *against* the Crown! This was the Otis who cried "Taxation without representation is tyranny!" It was the first loud protest in a long series, destined to culminate in open rebellion.

When the hated Stamp Act was passed, a mob destroyed the home of the chief justice of the province, ripping the walls apart and nearly demolishing the building entirely. Mischief was afoot. Five years later, after continued irritation between the soldiery of the Crown and the people of the town, a volley of bullets killed three townspeople and wounded eight others. Blood had been spilled. That was the "Boston Massacre." Now Samuel Adams, perennial town official, dissenter extraordinary and able molder of opinion, led the citizenry. The offending regiments that had been quartered in Boston must be removed. It was his insistence that turned the bitter tragedy of the "Massacre" into a moral victory for the people—the military marched out.

On December 13, 1773, a band, probably of "Sons of Liberty" men, disguised as Indians, boarded the teaships that lay in the harbor and dumped the cargoes overboard. It was well-rehearsed drama and took three hours to complete. It thrilled all but those who were still loyal to the Crown. The story of the "Boston Tea Party" swept the seaboard. Paul Revere rode the news to New York. Here was real defiance. Parliament, of course, retaliated. The port of Boston

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was closed and commerce was stopped, Perhaps the punishment fit the crime but it stirred every rebellious spirit to greater rebellion.

The military rule that was clamped down upon the province did not help. Now the leaders declared King and Parliament had broken faith. Quietly military defences were prepared. Companies of Minute Men were formed. Word came to the British in the early spring of 1775 that munitions for the rebels had been amassed. Redcoated troops marched out of Boston to Middlesex to seize the guns. Dawes and Revere spread the alarm. Lexington. Concord. Redcoated troops marched back to Boston defeated. Egad, sir, it's revolution! The battle of Bunker Hill came two months later. On July third George Washington arrived at Cambridge to take command of the Continental forces. Egad, sir, it's war!

The British inside Boston were besieged until March of 1776 when they sailed away and Washington entered the wasted city: the first great victory for the colonies. In 1780, with the long war nearing conclusion, the Massachusetts State government was formed and John Hancock became the first governor with Samuel Adams his lieutenant-governor. Commerce thrived again. Boston's supremacy as a seaport returned.

With a large merchant and business class the Federalist party naturally ruled the city, which in 1790 had a population of 18,320. In 1814 Francis C. Lowell introduced the power-loom and the cotton manufacturing industry was started. When in 1822 a city charter was adopted the population was more than 43,000. Then the railroads came. The project for filling in the Back Bay and adding more land to the city was begun. The original peninsula had contained only 783 acres. Together with the Back Bay and other annexed areas Boston contains 29,158 acres today.

Following the Irish famine of 1846 large immigrations from Ireland began. By 1850 the population of Boston was 136,881. Two decades later its population was 250,524 and nearly doubled again by the end of the century.

Transoceanic shipping was highly profitable.

The anti-slavery movement started in Boston. As early as 1832 the first anti-slavery society was organized. Here William Lloyd Garrison had, a year earlier, established the *Liberator* to fight for abolition and here in 1835 another Boston mob, composed of "gentlemen," nearly killed him. Garrison and his kind were not looked upon with favor. But the anti-slavery movement gathered adherents and soon some of the most respectable were joining the cause. When the war broke out Boston sent forth the first regiment of colored troops raised in the North. The cause of the emancipation of women did not so readily win support.

Perhaps it was only destiny that

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Boston, whose founders had belonged to a church that had long ago broken with Rome, should by the steady influx of Irish peoples, become a center of Roman Catholicism. However, all the newcomers were welcome enough as long as they offered a ready supply of labor. But if the New Englander was a cultural animal the newcomer was a political animal and slowly the new citizens changed the political picture. Perhaps the Boston Brahman had forgotten how to mingle with the people at a town-meeting. At any rate, the Cabot-Lodge lease on the ear of God had expired.

And there was a new Boston. In 1872, a year after Chicago's great fire, Boston suffered a two-day conflagration in which 776 buildings were destroyed and $75,000,000 was lost. When the ashes had cooled a new Boston was planned with wider streets and finer buildings.

However, not even a new city and the hodgepodge complexion of the population could destroy the old dissenting spirit. When in 1919 the Boston police, after agitating for certain reforms, were denied the right to unionize, they went out on strike! Since the police system of Boston is under control of the governor, that official stepped in and sent militia—shades of the royal British governors! Six years later that governor, little known previously, was president of the United States. Most of Calvin Coolidge's fame was inflated from his action against the Boston police dissenters.

More than eight hundred thousand people, the census-taker noted yesterday, and still the "againsters" thrive in the city once called the "Athens of America." The Chamber of Commerce points to the fact that Boston remains the first fishing port of the hemisphere and the transportation and shipping center of New England, that it owns subways, street railways and elevated railways, that in the number of factories only New York and Chicago outrank it, that boots and shoes, wool and woolens, printing and publishing are important industries.

But historians attempting to capture the spirit of the place will also have to record that it is ten years since the State of Massachusetts put to death a shoemaker and a fish-peddler, Niccola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, for a murder of which many fair-minded citizens believed they were innocent. Recently the governor refused to allow a plaque to their memory to be placed on Boston Common. It is easy to understand his sentiments and yet—somehow it seems that these last two dissenters were in the fine tradition of Samuel Adams and William Lloyd Garrison and even Oliver Wendell Holmes, the late Justice of the Supreme Court, often called the *great dissenter*. The words of the founding Puritans, at any rate, should be there on Boston Common: "We must be willing to abridge ourselves of our superfluities for the supply of others' necessities." —Louis Zara

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MEDALLION

The limpid swan of music on
The black medallion of the night
Is frozen deep in lines of sleep
Upon the flesh of this delight.

In silks of song she walks among
The dew-eyed tigers, where they crowd:
The purring rains claw at the skeins
And leap from haunches of the cloud.

With pools for boots the moonlight loots
The landscape, still, collapsed and pale:
And ringed by miles of smitten smiles
Comes Woman and her golden Male.

The limpid swan of music on
The black medallion of the night
Stirs in the deep of frozen sleep
And shakes a dewy neck in fright.

—Oscar Williams

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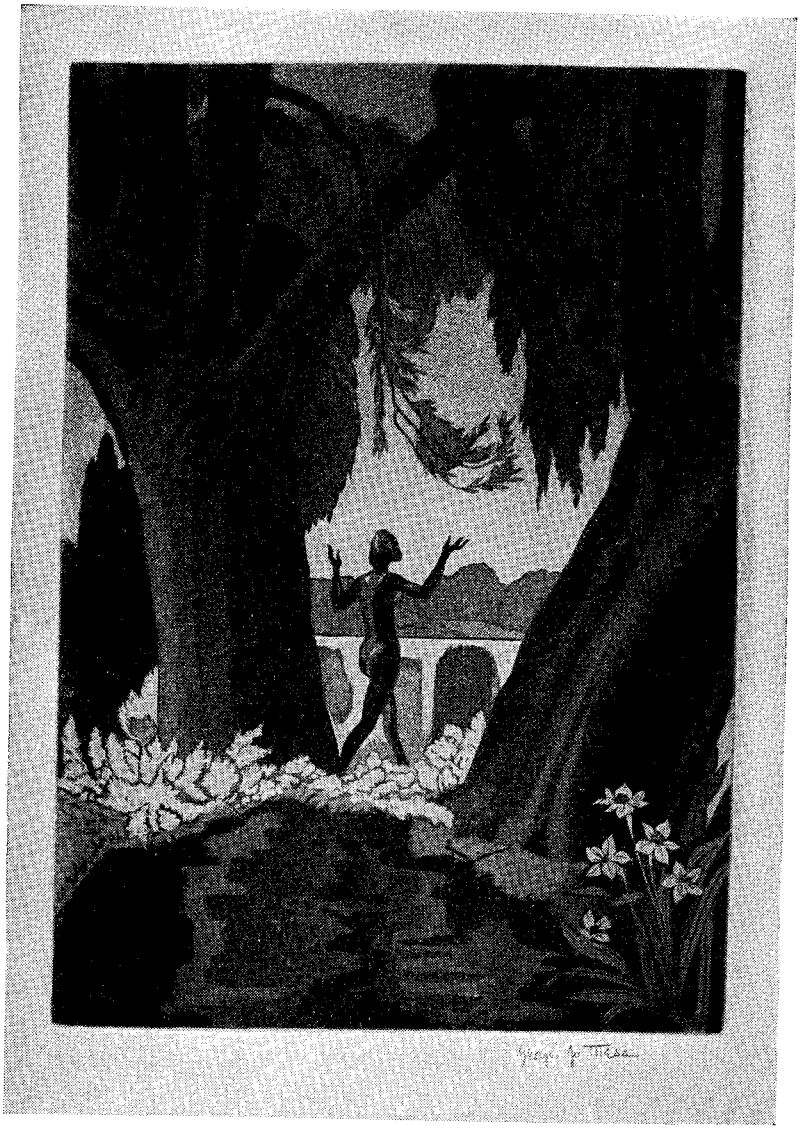

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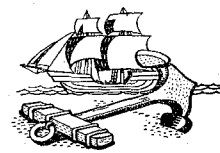
PATHFINDER OF THE SEAS

BY THE TIME MATTHEW MAURY GOT THROUGH WITH THE OCEANS THEY HAD EVERYTHING BUT TRACKS



"THIS chart," wrote Matthew Maury to the Navy Department in 1847, "proposes nothing less than to blaze a way through the winds and currents of the sea by which navigators may find the best paths in all seasons."

Seven years later, he wrote again: "The great atmospheric ocean at the bottom of which we are crawling along and the laws of which touch so nearly the well-being of the whole human family, embraces the land as well as the seas . . . My plan, therefore, is to report daily by telegraph to all newspapers the results of my examinations for the use of farmers and others. They would thus know with certainty something of the kind of weather to be expected one, two or three days in advance."

Those two statements contain, in brief, the essence of the two major accomplishments of a man whose name is likely unfamiliar to most of us, yet the result of whose work touches closely the daily lives of us all. Few if any now living can recall when we did not have a regular weather report in the daily papers: fewer, still, remember the time when ocean ships were compelled to navigate through trackless and uncharted seas. Yet such was the case before the days of Matthew Maury. He has been called with justice the Father of the Weather Bureau and the Pathfinder of the Seas.

The story of these two beginnings goes back to a day in 1828 when an obscure young Naval officer, about to embark on his first important cruise as sailing master on the old government windjammer *Falmouth*, was making a thorough but fruitless search of the records in the old Navy Department offices at Washington. Matthew Maury was then in his early twenties. He was born in Virginia, "fotch up" in the mountain fastness of eastern Tennessee—to which remote region the salty call of the sea penetrated and made him long for a life on the ocean. While Maury was still in his teens, rough old Sam Houston, the then strong man of the Southwest, had got him a Midshipman's commission in the navy.

On the eve of setting out as sailing master for the first time, he was

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searching for some recorded precedent of other mariners that would help him make a quick, safe trip. To his astonishment, he found there were no such records. The Navy Department was still in a rather crude and experimental state; masters kept no records save the usual ship's log; there was as yet no telegraph nor even adequate "sailing directions." When a captain took his ship out he had to depend entirely upon the skill and weather eye of his sailing master, on a few crude instruments and the stars.

This set Matthew Maury to thinking. Subsequently, on the *Falmouth* cruise, he made an unusually detailed and accurate record on his observations of all natural phenomena with the intention of using it on future trips.

But on his return to the United States, circumstance reached out and took hold of his affairs. A stage-coach accident in the wilds of Ohio left him with a fractured hip and with his health badly impaired. Discouraged and despondent, Maury reported at the Department in Washington after a four months' illness, and was assigned to the post of Superintendent of Charts and Instruments.

It was a monotonous and sedentary job—this playing nursemaid to a lot of scientific paraphernalia; and it was while he was enduring this enforced inactivity that he discovered, stored in the Department building's attic, thousands of old ships' logs, rotting, dusty, but still legible, which the departmental clerks looked upon as so much rubbish. Maury began a systematic examination and study of these logs, cataloguing all the information he found in them.

His findings he embodied in a paper entitled *A Theoretical and Practical Treatise on Navigation*. This paper served to launch Maury as an authority in the field of oceanography and he followed it up with a series of caustic articles under the pen name of Harry Bluff, calling attention to needed improvements in the Department, which was largely responsible for the location of the naval Academy at Annapolis. There had been some talk of establishing it at Memphis out on the Mississippi River since that was near the heart of the continent!

At his office in Washington Maury continued to study the ships' logs. It is said he catalogued more than ten thousand. His next paper, *Blank Charts on Board Public Cruisers*, advocated the adoption of a standard style of chart by all American navigators, to be filled in by them; and he proffered a chart he himself had designed for the purpose. It was first published and used late in 1847. Divided into squares of 15 degrees, this chart had spaces on which mariners were to note the direction of the wind for sixteen points in each square. The chart is still in use.

The charts at first found small favor among seafaring men who were loud in their incredulity. Finally, though, one Captain Jackson, master of a

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sloop, determined to trust the chart completely. The result was gratifying; he made a voyage to Rio and return in the time ordinarily required for the out voyage alone.

Four clipper ships started from New York for California around the Horn. They arrived at their destination, "in the order determined by the degree of fidelity with which they followed the directions on Maury's charts." By their use the time of the clippers in this trade was reduced from 183 to 135 days.

On one occasion the ship *San Francisco* foundered in an Atlantic hurricane. Her crew and passengers could be rescued only when Maury calculated where the winds and currents would combine to place the wrecked ship. He placed a pencil mark on the map.

"There is where they are," he said. And there the rescuing party found and saved the survivors. It was this incident that caused the general adoption of Maury's charts by all American navigators. In a few years other nations had adopted them as well.

It is not known just when Maury decided to extend his studies from the sea to the land. From the first, we know, he had held that the atmosphere, to be thoroughly understood, should be studied as a whole; but it was not until 1855 that he announced his plans for weather forecasting. The National Agricultural Society, to whom Maury presented his plan, approved it.

Some years after the Civil War, Maury became an instructor at the Virginia Military Institute, where Stonewall Jackson had taught. Here with his family about him, he lived out his last days.

"Am I dragging my anchors?" he asked his son, who bent over his death-bed in 1873.

"Yes, Father."

"All's well!" he said clearly and, a sailor to the last, he drifted out on a sea he could never chart.

—GARNETT LAIDLAW ESKEW

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 33-34

1. Gounod. 2. Wagner. 3. Offenbach. 4. Rossini. 5. Delibes. 6. Mascagni. 7. Strauss. 8. Puccini. 9. Mozart. 10. Sullivan. 11. Bizet. 12. Damrosch. 13. Debussy. 14. Von Suppe. 15. Meyerbeer. 16. Ponchielli. 17. Leoncavallo. 18. Von Flotow. 19. Balfe. 20. Lehar. 21. Halévy. 22. Hageman. 23. Charpentier. 24. Massenet. 25. Taylor. 26. Gruenberg. 27. Saint-Saëns. 28. Strauss. 29. Herbert. 30. Donizetti. 31. Von Gluck. 32. Bellini. 33. Stravinsky. 34. Thomas. 35. Respighi. 36. Weinberger. 37. Von Weber. 38. De Koven. 39. Smetana. 40. Tschaikowsky. 41. Verdi. 42. Humperdinck. 43. Nicolai. 44. Moussorgsky. 45. Wolf-Ferrari. 46. Puccini. 47. Auber. 48. Giordano. 49. Rimsky-Korsakoff. 50. Krěnek.

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A BOOK IS BORN

READING PUBLIC GETS NOVEL, AUTHOR GETS CREDIT, PUBLISHER GETS HEADACHE

A BOOK, like a baby, is the product of a happy mating. But just as in child-bearing, the tendency is to give all the credit to one parent. When *Life and Letters of Isaac Burble* stands before his public in all the blatant newness of untested youth, who pauses to remark on his fine features, his handsome shape? Who notes the happy choice of type face, the clever uniformity of design, the dozen and one details of art and craftsmanship which actually have as much to do with Isaac's success or failure as the impress of the mind that is publicly acclaimed its author? These are rhetorical questions. The advent of book fairs and prizes for the best designed books of the year or season is warning that Papa Publisher is today determined to get his well deserved place in the sun.

Whatever their individual differences, authors and members of the reading fraternity have one thing in common: all are equally ignorant of the forces that operate to turn a collection of typewritten sheets into a smartly-jacketed volume that shouts "Buy me!" from the bookstore windows, and in makeup lures the unconscious reader from sentence to paragraph to chapter to judgment. Let us take ourselves to a small publishing house to witness and learn.

"I'd like to see the Editor," says the seedy looking young man hugging a worn paper-wrapped parcel.

"Sorry, but everyone's in editorial conference right now," says the Editor's Assistant. And waits.

The man eyes her for a moment. "My name is Waldemar Jones," he says finally. "I've written a book."

"If you'll leave it with me" says the E. A., "I'll see that it reaches the Editor."

There is a pause while the man regards her with a calculating eye. "This is a good book," he says. "A very good book."

The E. A.'s "Yes" in the pause that asks for an answer neither questions nor affirms anything.

"This book will be published," says the man with slow and threatening emphasis. "But I'll be frank," he goes on more briskly. "It's bold. But that's what makes it good, of course. Now there's a passage here about a priest

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and a woman. I'll find it for you."

"No, no," the E. A. says hastily. "The Editor will decide for himself. The Editors read all the manuscripts." She reaches for the half extended package. There is a brief tug of war. "We'll let you know," says the E. A., triumphant, nodding toward the door.

Waldemar Jones is one of the dozens who daily come to the publishing house with their precious packages in their arms. Waldemar may be a great writer. He may be a fool. From his appearance—sensitive, or shrinking, or over-bold, or over-casual—the Editor cannot tell, the Editor's Assistant cannot tell. But chances are he is a fool. For, as an Editor of this small publishing house often told his assistant: "People talk of a lunatic fringe, but in the world where books are written, the lunatics comprise the mass; it is the fringe only that is sane."

But let us say that Waldemar Jones is discovered to be that rare phenomenon of the publishing world—a find. The find is both a gamble and an investment to publishers. They will give him his start. If his book is a success, even a moderate success, they pray that bonds of good will and friendship will persuade him to stay with them through second and third books. If he is a failure—still they cannot cast him off completely. He may yet write a *Gone with the Wind.*

"Well," says the Editor, "we've got something real. Waldemar Jones can write. The lad's a natural."

"Waldemar Jones. Waldemar Jones." The name begins to have significance. Whispers carry it through the offices. Minds tuned to publishing visualize it in print—"Waldemar Jones, the find of the season . . ." "A new literary giant makes his appearance . . ." "A first novel that carries more than the promise of greatness . . ."

Other editors are called to read and criticize. Someone questions the passage about the priest and the woman. The manuscript is sent to a Catholic, to a Protestant, for samples of public appraisal. The editors take it home to their wives. All is well, save for the priest passage.

Some days later Waldemar Jones is escorted into the Editor's presence. Overwhelmed by good fortune, a man-to-man talk, an excellent cigar, Waldemar eagerly consents to substitute subtlety for boldness. He emerges with a human smile, bumps into a hurrying typist, blindly makes for the closet door, and finally stumbles out, having forgotten his hat.

Now the production department begins to clear the decks for action, awaiting the word of the Publisher on bulk and publication price. The Publisher consults with his experience. The book, he finally decides, will be the average fiction size, but will be fatter than its number of words would require, for in bulk lies character. The Publisher is a little bitter when he discusses this matter with the production head, glowering over the fact that certain best sellers have appeared as sizeable books when their contents

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made no more than a longish short story. His sense of honest craftsmanship is outraged; but in the case of Waldemar Jones it loses its battle with his business sense. "Anyhow," he sops his conscience, "a book with plenty of white space is easier to read." Waldemar's child will not stretch out its arms to a narrow, special audience. It must be the darling of all. The price therefore must be average. The Publisher sets it at $2.50.

Now the Designer tackles the problem. From the information on size and price, he knows he must be economical but original. Happily, he is of the new school which holds that judicious juggling of white space and type brings the smartest results. He selects dark, firm-bodied Electra for the type face. Waldemar has no chapter titles. The Designer will open the chapters with a bold, elegant figure, centered and bordered above and beneath with short rules. Far below, three-quarters down the page, the chapter will begin with an equally bold but somewhat smaller ascending initial to balance the figure above. Thus the reader would be finished with the first page—for him always the hardest whether he knows it or not—and be pushed into the book almost before he was aware of the fact that he was reading. Page numbers will be preceded by a black dot, ornaments to relieve the eye from solid pages of type.

The Designer is working on the title page, trying to combine dots, rules and initial type into some kind of a pleasing whole, when he suddenly remembers something. "I say," he confronts the Editor, "is Waldemar's title final?"

"I guess so," the Editor replies vaguely. "Nobody's said anything about it."

"But is it?" insists the Designer.

An editorial conference is called.

"It's an interesting title," says an Editor, "but what does it mean—*Nickels in Ampio?*"

"That's the dream," Editor No. 1 reminds him. "You know, the hero falls asleep in the trenches and dreams he's in some kind of a purgatory called Ampio where every human being is a nickel who has to be put through a huge gambling machine to be tested on what he'll bring."

"Is that in the book!" cries another Editor. "Good heavens, I didn't see that."

"Well, of course it reads better," says Editor No. 1, somewhat fussed.

"But every critic will fall on it because it's the title incident. And it sounds terrible."

"But anything told so baldly sounds like that," puts in the Editor's Assistant.

The battle rages, with frequent reminders of Waldemar's sensitivity. The Publisher is consulted. The wives of the Editors are consulted, and perhaps a bookstore buyer or two. Opinions vary. It is decided at last that the Editor should gently sound out Waldemar, retreating in good order if he shows signs of becoming

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dangerous. If they make a concession here, they may perhaps demand concessions of him.

But when Waldemar arrives, with his revised priest passage and the feeling the Editor has been expecting and dreading—that of having done the publisher a great favor by making the changes—he brings a new problem. Waldemar, it comes out, has definite ideas on what his opus should look like. For several hours Waldemar, Editor and Designer debate. Finally it is decided. Waldemar will cut out a few dozen dots and dashes, the Designer will let him have his black cloth cover with the silver lettering and will consent to look at the jacket illustration his best friend is drawing, and the title will become *Journey into Death.*

Meanwhile, the advertising schedule is being planned; pre-publication notes are prepared for the papers, book stores, rental libraries, book reviewers; advance-copy lists are made; book window and counter displays are planned.

Now the actual work is done. The typewritten pages are translated into type on long, pageless galleys. The publisher's proofreaders go through one set; Waldemar reads another. Corrections, changes are made. Back to the printers they go to be put into page form and be read once more.

Cloth is ordered for the cover, paper for the body of the book, and for the jacket, whose color scheme has been decided without consultation of Waldemar's friend, and whose design has finally passed a weary procession of editors, advertisers, stenographers, and stray visitors. The blurb on the jacket flaps, having created the usual storm of destructive criticism, is ok'd after the eighth rewriting.

From Waldemar's reluctant hand are snatched the last of the proofs. A shudder passes through the production department. What glaring error has been overlooked? It is an axiom that the perfect book has not been published. But the ponderous presses move. The pages are cut and sewn. The cover is glued. A book is born.

But now that reviewers and public have it, the heartaches have only begun. What will be the fate of: "Jones, Waldemar, *Journey into Death*, Lesley, Onderdonk & Co., N. Y. and Chicago, 302 pp., 12 mo., $2.50"—one of the 10,889 new book-births of 1938?

Lesley, Onderdonk & Co. watches reviews and sales reports anxiously, but not with a full-time anxiety. It has other troubles. For while the Editors have been co-operating and quarreling with Waldemar Jones, bundles have been coming into the office. The brat is out in the world; there are other brats waiting to be midwifed; and the glad intelligence that the New York *Times* Book Review has given a good paragraph to *Journey into Death* is interrupted by the opening of a door and the appearance of yet another shabby-looking individual. "I'd like to see the Editor," he mumbles.

He hugs a worn paper-wrapped parcel. —Sylvia Pass

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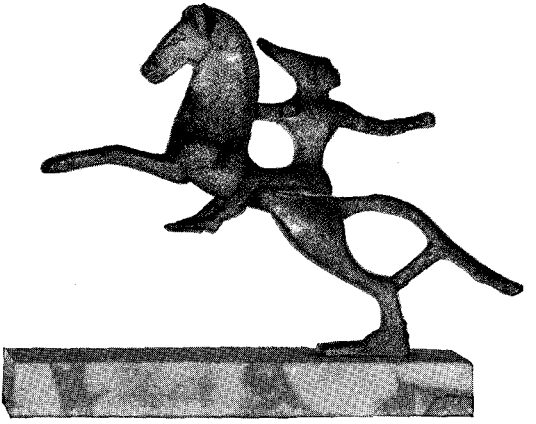
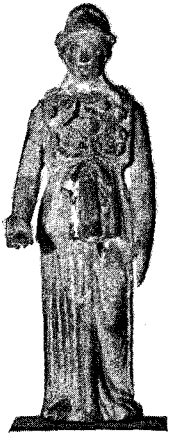


HAUNTED HISTORY

CONJURING, IN THEIR STATUARY GUISE, A FEW GHOSTS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD

THERE was once a shepherd [so Virgil tells in his charming little ghost story, the *Culex*] who, having wearied of his toil in the hot sun, fell asleep in the shadows near a cool fountain. As he slept, there emerged into view an ugly snake which, creeping closer to the shepherd, made ready to sink its poisonous fangs into him.

But as good fortune would have it, there happened to pass by, or rather flit by, at this crucial moment an intrepid hero—none other than a gnat, which immediately perceived the shepherd's peril and resolved to come to his rescue. Powerless against the snake itself, the brave gnat saw that its only recourse was to awake the shepherd to his danger. This it did by stinging him in the eye.



BRONZE STATUETTES FROM BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

The shepherd sprang up immediately, but in great wrath at the gnat for having disturbed his peaceful slumber he dashed at it

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Silenus, Greek Rural Deity

with his hand, crushed it and let it fall lifeless to the ground. Not until then did he see the snake and, seizing the branch of a tree, beat it to death.

That night, while the shepherd slept, the ghost of the gnat appeared before him in a dream. Bitterly upbraiding him for sending it, unprepared, to a cruel death in return for its heroic deed, the tiny apparition told the shepherd how Charon, the grim ferryman of the Styx, had claimed its soul. Then, having aroused the shepherd's conscience, it reproachfully went on to describe the horrors that it suffered in the infernal regions of Tartarus, carefully emphasizing the contrast between its own harsh fate and the easy existence of the shepherd.

Nothing could equal the remorse of the shepherd when he awoke the next morning, unless it was his fear of being haunted for the rest of his days by the ghost of his unlucky benefactor. Determining to give the gnat a fitting burial and thus set its tormented soul at rest, he erected a funeral mound in its honor. This he faced with marble and around it planted violets and roses. Upon the marble he cut an inscription:

> Little gnat, in grateful return
> For the life thou gavest him,
> The shepherd dedicates to thee
> Thy meed of a tomb.

Nude Figure of a Warrior

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Did the ancient Romans believe in ghosts? There are other classical stories, far less innocuous than that of Virgil, which parallel some of our own more awesome tales. There existed among the Romans, in point of fact, a widespread belief in the supernatural, and though they seem to have regarded their own superstitions with a half-skeptical attitude, their rites for the dead were nevertheless regulated in a manner calculated to lay the most finicky of ghosts.

The cult of the spirits of the departed—the Manes, or souls of the good dead—was closely associated with that of the Lares, the protecting

Lar, Roman Household Deity

Hercules, Greek Hero Later Deified

divinities of the hearth. It is a much mooted subject, but one that is not without its examples of direct testimony, handed down from classical times to our own. There is to be observed on this page, for instance, an ancient bronze statuette of "a Lar," seen exactly as it stood in its special niche in some Roman household two thousand years ago—a typically youthful figure, complete with high-girt tunic and drinking-horn. But before going further into the significance of this or any other specific statuette, there are a few things to say about these statuettes in general.

They are a small part of the inheritance from one of the most nearly

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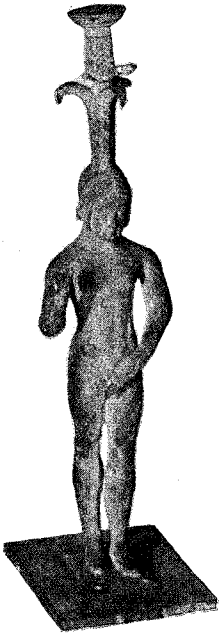
universal of art forms and, by its nature, one of the best preserved in number of surviving examples. Even before the fall of the Roman Empire, more bronze statuettes were melted down than were deliberately conserved, a greater number were lost in the flotsam of ruined cities, and some were even subjected to what might be called spoilage through the lazy man's practice of putting a new head on a statuette in order that it might be dedicated to a new divinity with minimum effort and expense. But on the whole archaeologists have turned in a respectably thorough job of rescuing.

Female Figure, Etruscan Period



Nude Figure, Greek Period

The Bronze Age, paradoxically, produced far fewer bronze objects of interest than the Iron Age which followed it in the 12th century B.C., since it was not until bronze was replaced by iron for weapons and tools that the former metal was employed to any extent for decorative purposes. But the statuettes shown here date much later, from the archaic period of about the 6th century B.C. through the Greek and Etruscan periods and up to Roman times several centuries after the beginning of the Christian Era.

Bronze statuettes were produced in the Hellenic and Roman civilizations primarily for use in household shrines.

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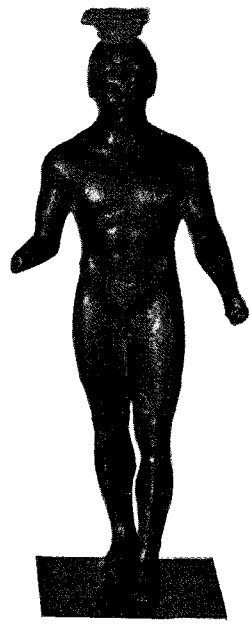
Personification of Winter

There were primitive votive statuettes of animals, presumably representing sacrifices offered to the gods, but in subsequent centuries a preference was shown for human subjects, sometimes depicting votaries of the gods and in many cases gods or goddesses themselves in human form. With the exception of a few statuettes which obviously were intended purely for decorative purposes, the figures shown here were an integral part of the religion of ancient times, utilized more or less in their sentimental connotation by the Greeks and in a more strictly ritual sense by the Romans. To both races they were fetishes, considered to possess divine attributes.

The figure of a Lar referred to earlier provides perhaps as direct an approach to the Roman religion as any that could be found. The phrase "Lares and Penates" is one whose meaning every schoolboy has learned, and readily forgotten. The Lares were at first worshiped as gods of the fields, having their sacred site at the crossroads. Later they came to be enshrined in the home, representing the souls of ancestors who watched over and protected their descendants.

Originally, each household had only one Lar, and the term in the singular form assumed much the same



Nude Figure, Archaic Period

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Jupiter, Roman Deity

interpretation as the word "home." Eventually, however, the name was always used in its plural, Lares, and the group of household gods was called Lares and Penates, the latter term referring to the gods of the store-cupboard. It is in its classical association as the spiritual symbol of the home that the phrase Lares and Penates is used today to denote one's personal or household effects.

This endowment of concrete objects with a divine significance was typical of the Roman religion, whose background was one of animism—the belief that all objects have a natural life, or an indwelling soul. The household was the main focus of religious activity and the head of the house, the *pater familias*, exercised an authority which paralleled that of a priest.

Even the early life of the child was tied up with its list of deities: one who opened his mouth to cry, one who guarded his cradle, two who taught him to eat and drink, and many others with their special province of protection or assistance. But the Roman was too practical and hard-headed a character to devote much sentiment to the practice of his religion. His was the mental attitude of the lawyer. All had to be regulated by clearly understood principles and carried out with formal exactness.

He had the simple general feeling of dependence on a higher power, common to all religions, but gave it his own characteristic interpretation by conceiving that dependence as analogous to a civil contract between man and his gods. Both sides were under obligation to meet their terms

Wrestlers, Graeco-Roman Period

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of the contract: if a god answered a man's prayer, he must be repaid by a thank-offering; if the man fulfilled his duties, the god must make his due return.

The relationship between man and his gods was neither friendly nor unfriendly, but rather an unsentimental alliance for mutual profit, entered into because both sides were presumed to anticipate some advantage and maintained as long as both sides fulfilled their obligations. Religion and morality were to the Romans two separate spheres with very little point of contact. Piety, in our sense of the term, was non-existent. What their religion required was not the "right spirit" but the right performance of traditional ceremonies.

Figure of Roman Sacrificing

With the Greeks it was different. They had their divinities, as represented by some of the statuettes in this group, and these in many cases were borrowed from them by the Romans. But the relationship between gods and men, especially as represented in Homer, was congenial and wholesome, with what might almost be considered a cheerful social background. Although the Greek religion was based on mythology and impinged upon the dark shadows of the underworld and the unattainable realms of the heavens, the sanity of the Greek genius kept is free from the taint of magic and excessive superstition that marked the later religions.

Septimius Severus, Roman Period

Every Greek, like primitive man, thought that the trees and springs, the plains and the hilltops, were possessed of strange and uncanny powers.

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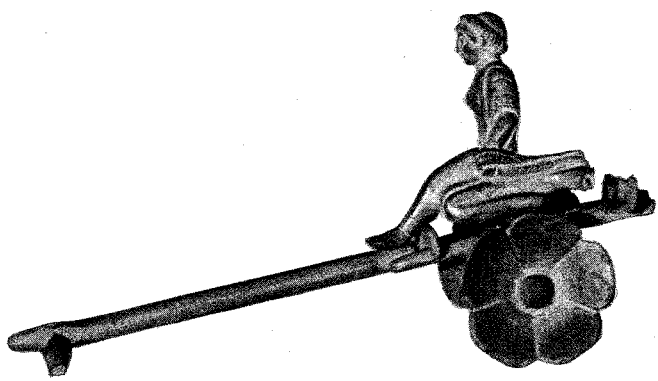
He thought there was a spirit animating the earth which made the grain sprout and the flowers grow. And, like the Roman after him, he sought to pin down his beliefs to something more concrete and more symbolic than the manifestations of nature. It was thus that art was called into service for the fabrication of statuettes and other objects which could be invested with supernatural power and worshiped as protecting divinities.

Male Figure, Roman Period

Some of the statuettes included in this group are of Etruscan origin, products of a people of uncertain ethnology who overran the Italian peninsula prior to the rise of the Romans. When and where this mysterious race first appeared in Italy has not been established, and not even the key to their unaccountably baffling language has yet been discovered.

While no comprehensive study of their religion has been possible, the existence of statuettes of Etruscan manufacture demonstrates that at least an analogy existed between their form of worship and that of the Greeks. And, in fact, they are something of a link in this respect between the Greek and Roman worlds, for just as they copied from the Greeks, the Romans adapted from the Etruscans. But there must have been an extreme difference in degree, if not in kind, between the Etruscan and the Graeco-Roman religious practices. In some vague way it is known that the Etruscan religion was gloomy to the point of being horrific—an impression which even these statuettes, our main link with the rituals of the past, can hardly be expected to confirm.

—Bernard Geis



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South of the Rio

By A. Merrell Powers of Brooklyn

A Mexican Portfolio of Seven Photographs

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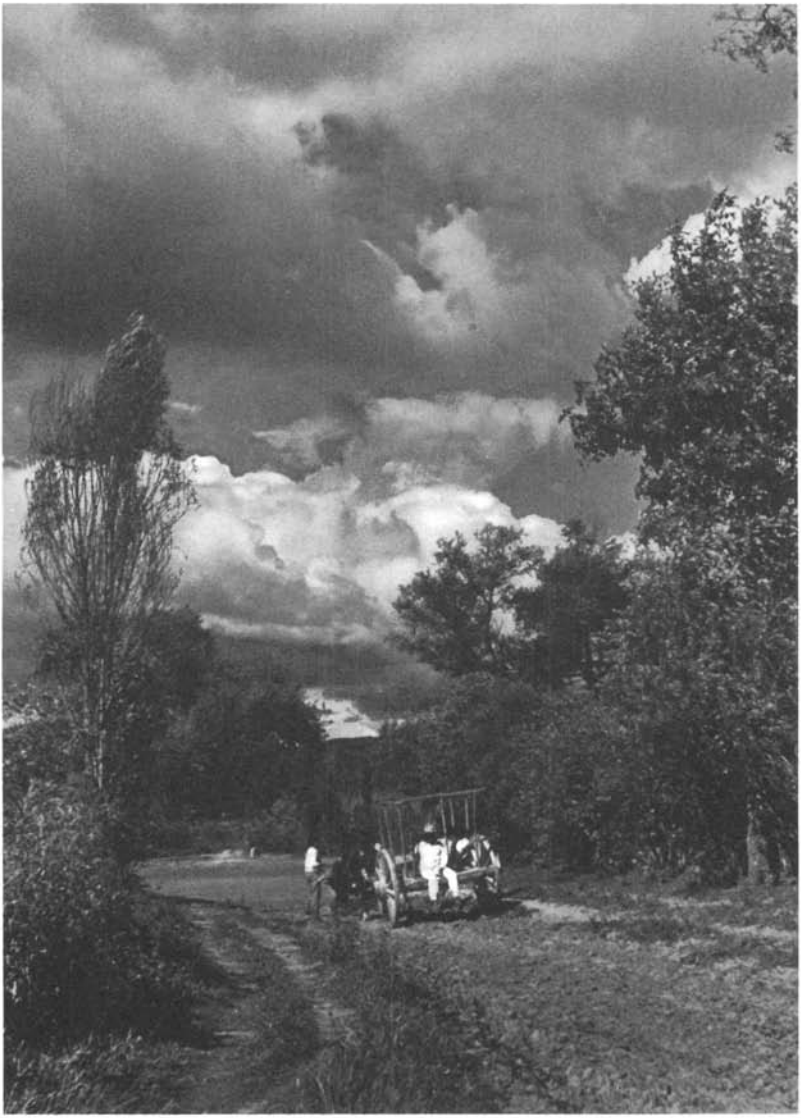

SLOW THE HOURS

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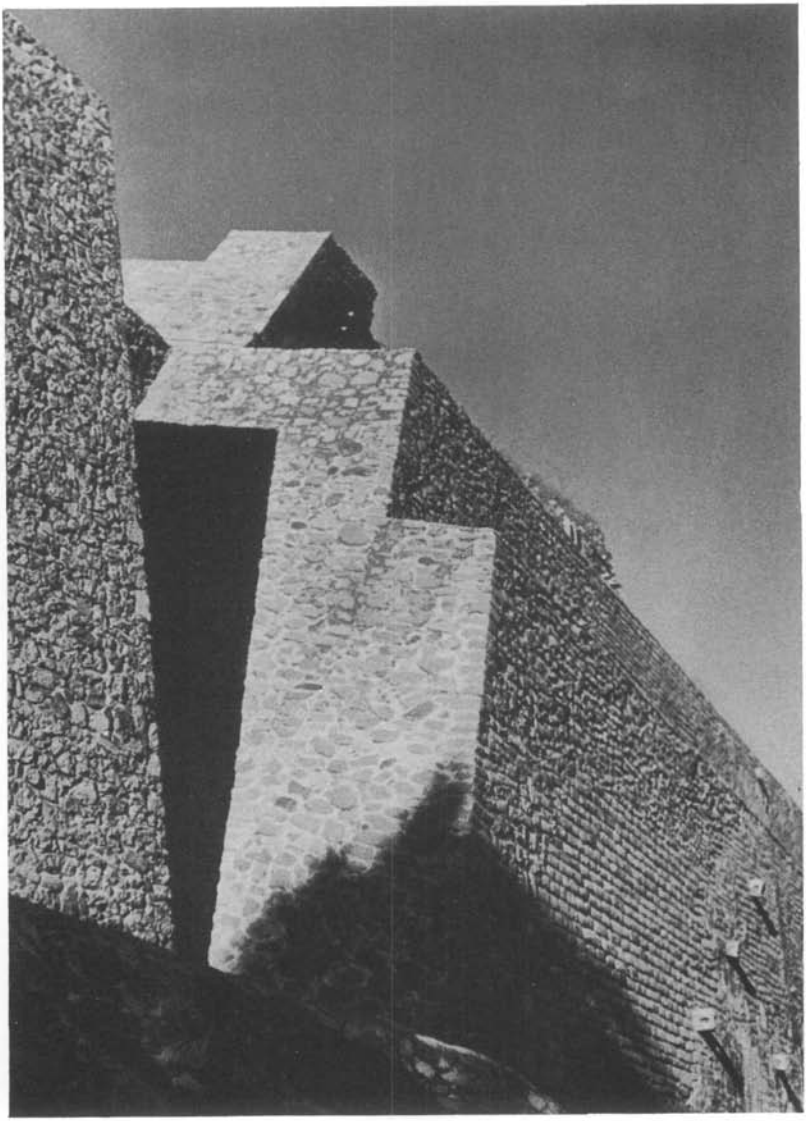

SLOW THE YEARS

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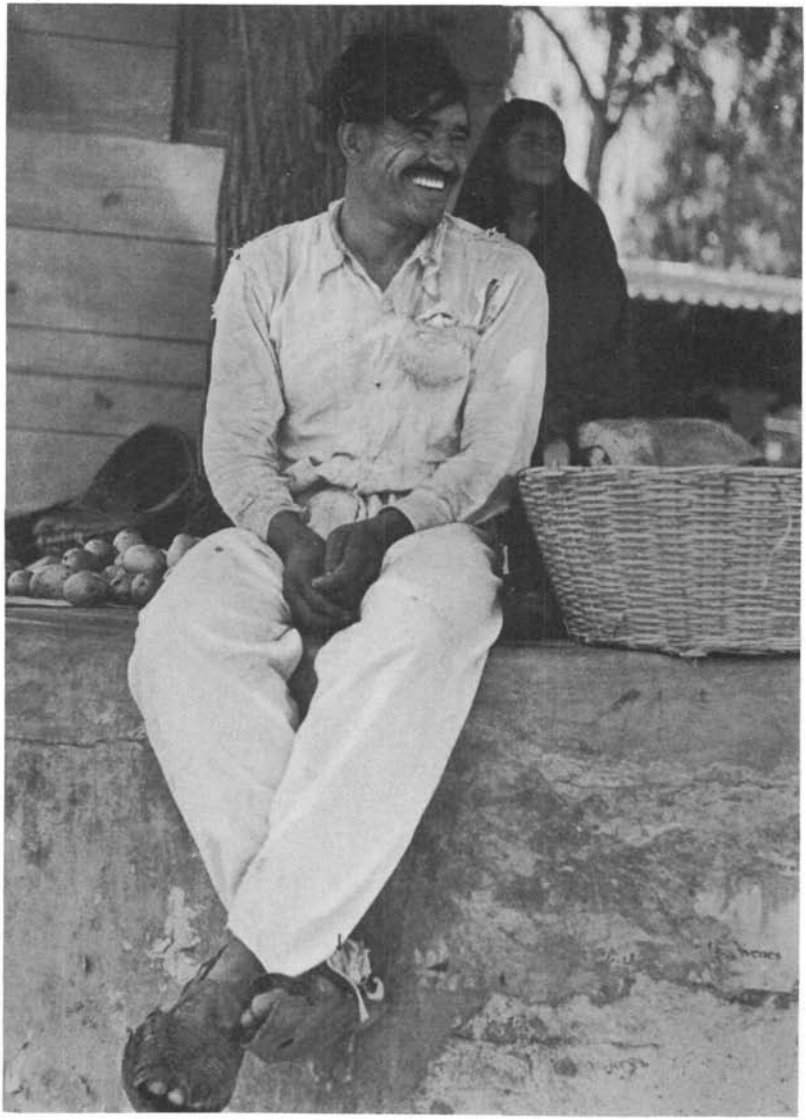

CHANGE COMES HARD

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THOUGH YOUTH IS PLASTIC

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BUT PEONS REMAIN PEONS

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AND ETERNITY AWAITS

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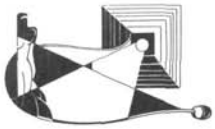
TALKING PICTURES

A BRIEF NOTE ON STEPHEN DEUTCH, WHOSE CAMERA IS NINE PARTS SCULPTOR'S CHISEL



SEEKING artistic development across the ocean, there must have been a few eager young Americans aboard the liners that last spring passed the ship carrying Stephen Deutch—possessed of the same objective but traveling in the opposite direction. Today, to the question of how well this reversal of tradition worked out, there is Deutch's own answer that he made more real artistic progress in one year in America than in three years in Paris.

Self-Portrait by Stephen Deutch

But things happen fast to Stephen Deutch in any country. In 1929 he was a sufficiently promising sculptor in his native Budapest to warrant an assault on the Parnassian heights of Paris. He was doing nicely there, too, when his wife, a professional photographer, insisted on teaching him the craft. Ever since, sculpture has played second fiddle to photography and Deutch, to put it conservatively, has been doing much better than nicely.

To an incredible extent, Deutch carries the approach of the sculptor into photography. It has made him an innovator. Where other photographers look for the picturesque, Deutch seeks out and finds the sculpturesque—the plastic element, the third dimension. He works with abrupt angles, deep shadows, hard contrasts, and significant highlights, striving to capture the essence of the subject's reality in a strong composition. Paradoxically, this grim artistry has made his studio, established in Chicago with his wife, Helene, a favorite among advertising agencies.

But none of this quite explains how Stephen Deutch, at 30, today ranks among photography's greats.—B. G.

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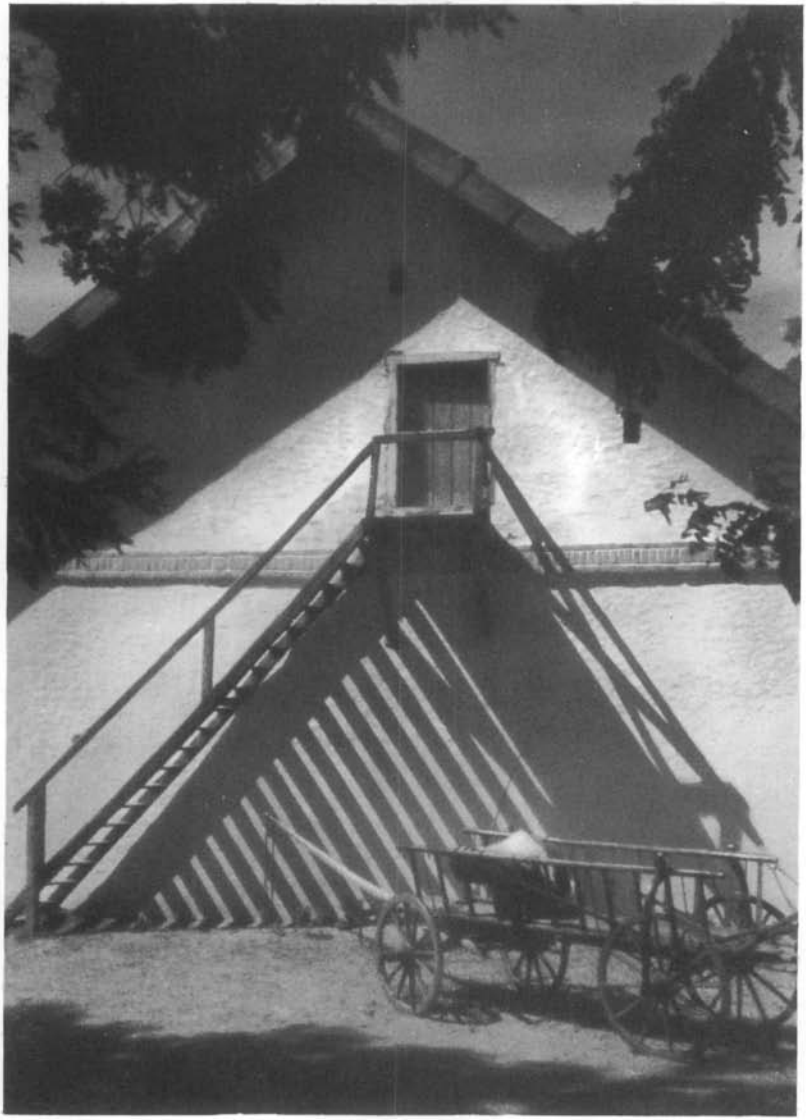

DULOVITS, BUDAPEST FROM EUROPEAN

WHEN DAY IS DONE

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BRASSAÏ PARIS

SPECTACULAR

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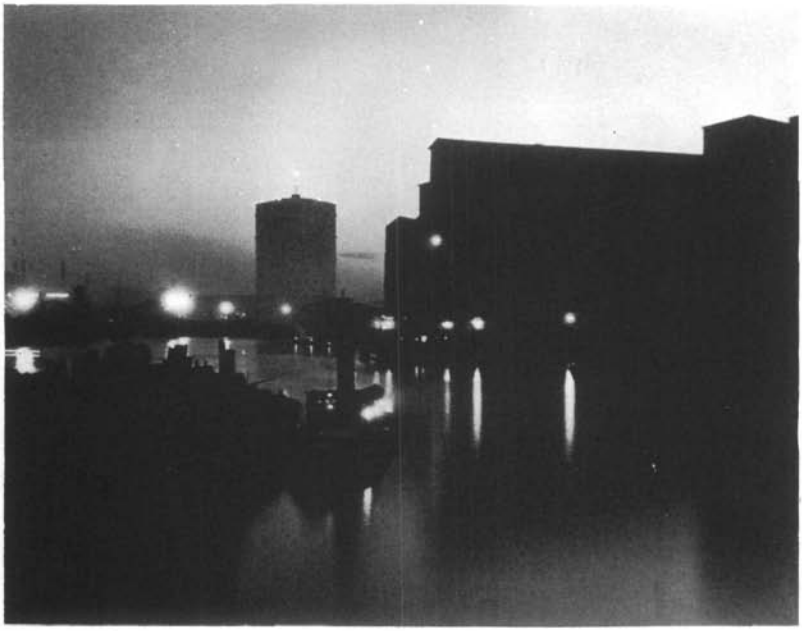

DON WALLACE CHICAGO

SLUMBEROUS

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WIND WAVES

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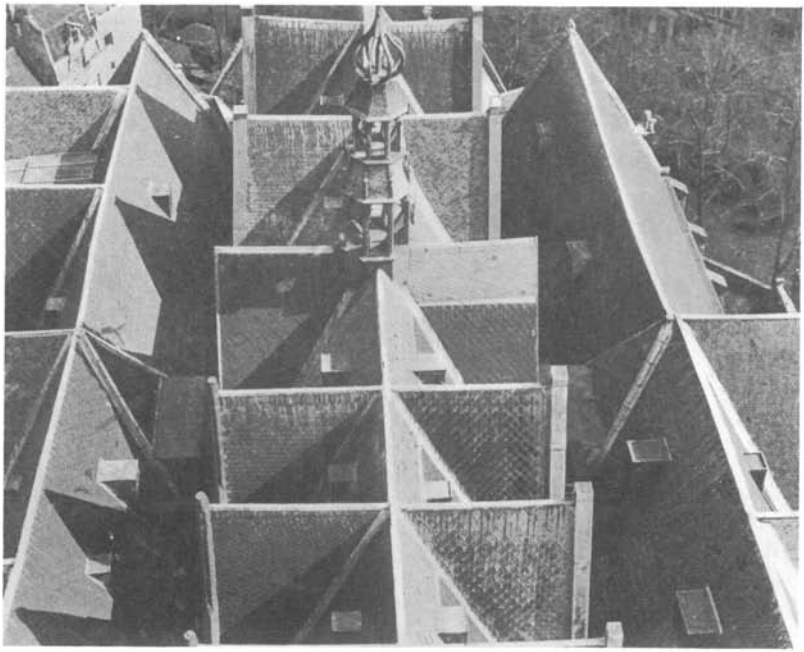

ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

ROOFS OF PARIS

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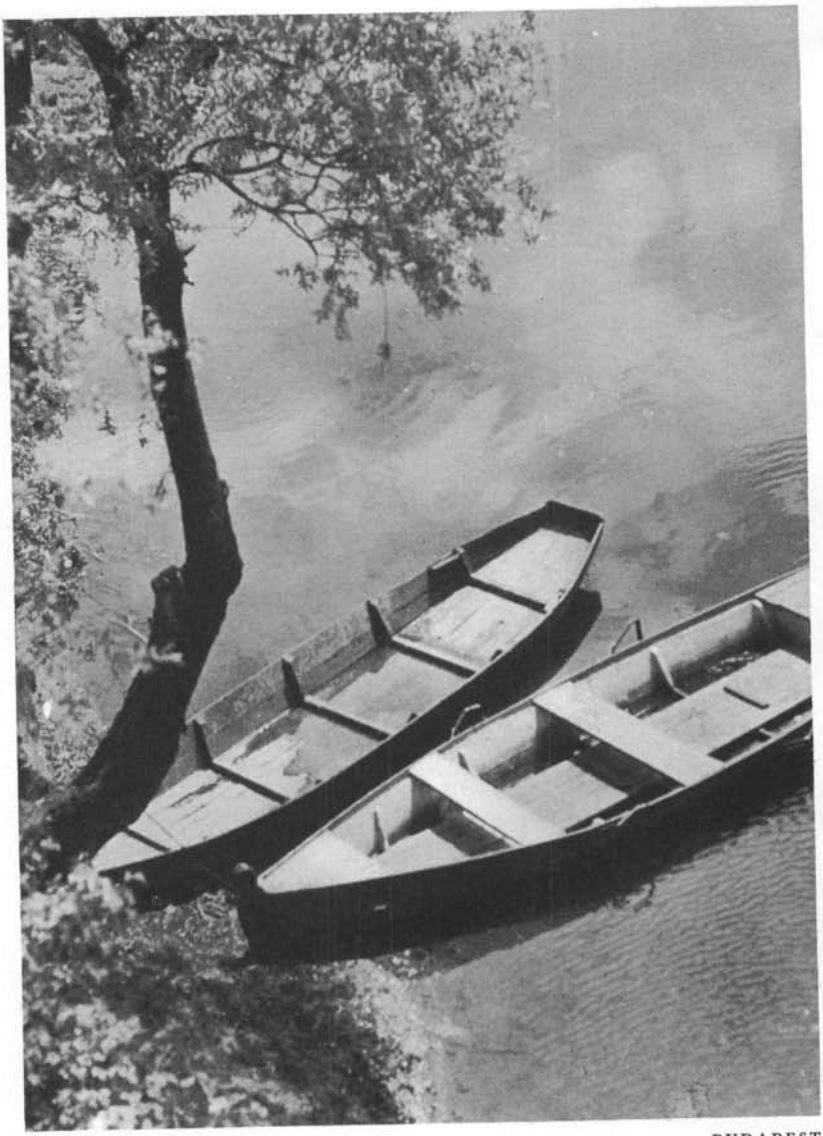

DR. AJTAY-HEIM

BUDAPEST

RENDEZVOUS

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DR. ZOLTÁN ZAJKY BUDAPEST

AU REVOIR

APRIL, 1938

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MARCEL BOVIS PARIS

TEMPORAL

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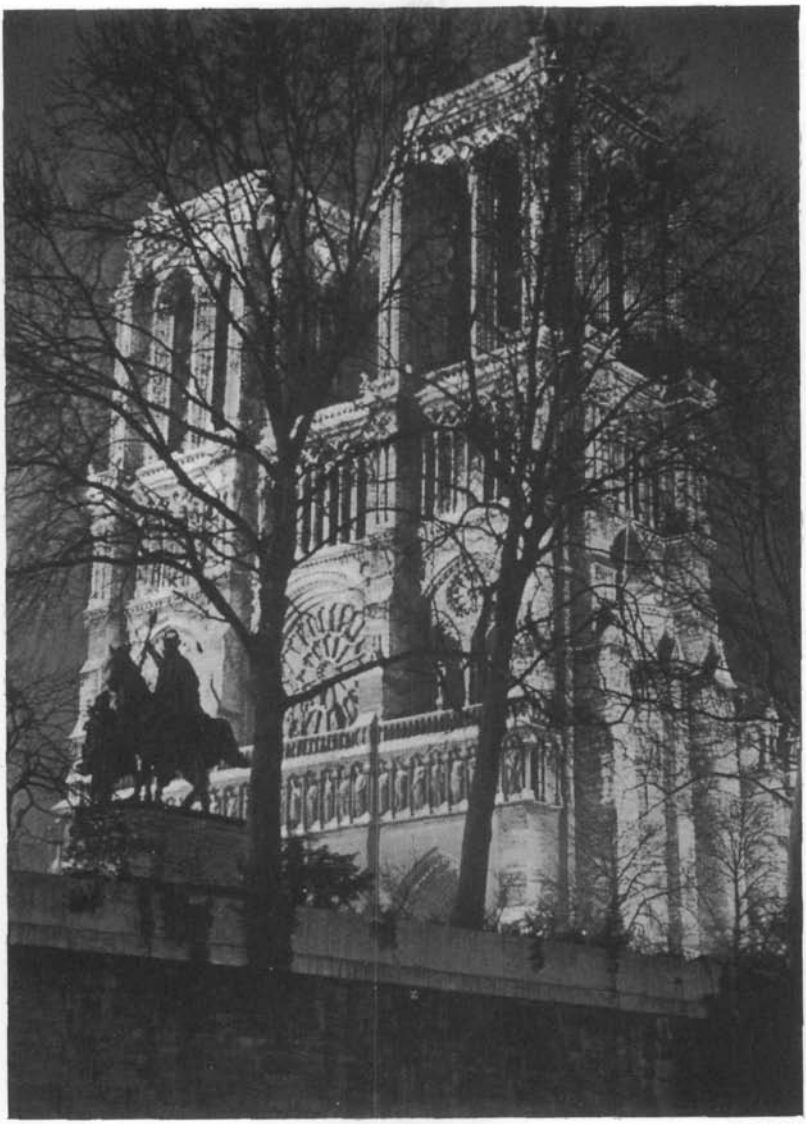

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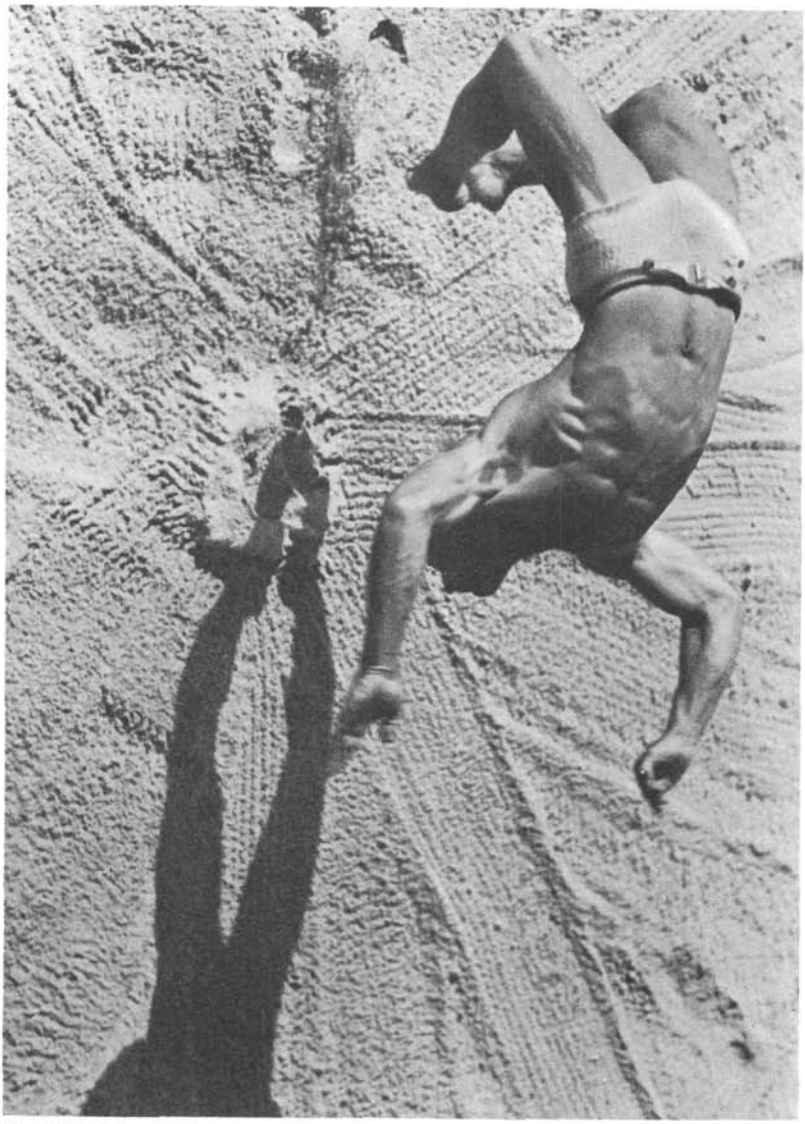

C. WESTON BOOTH WATERLOO, IA.

THUD

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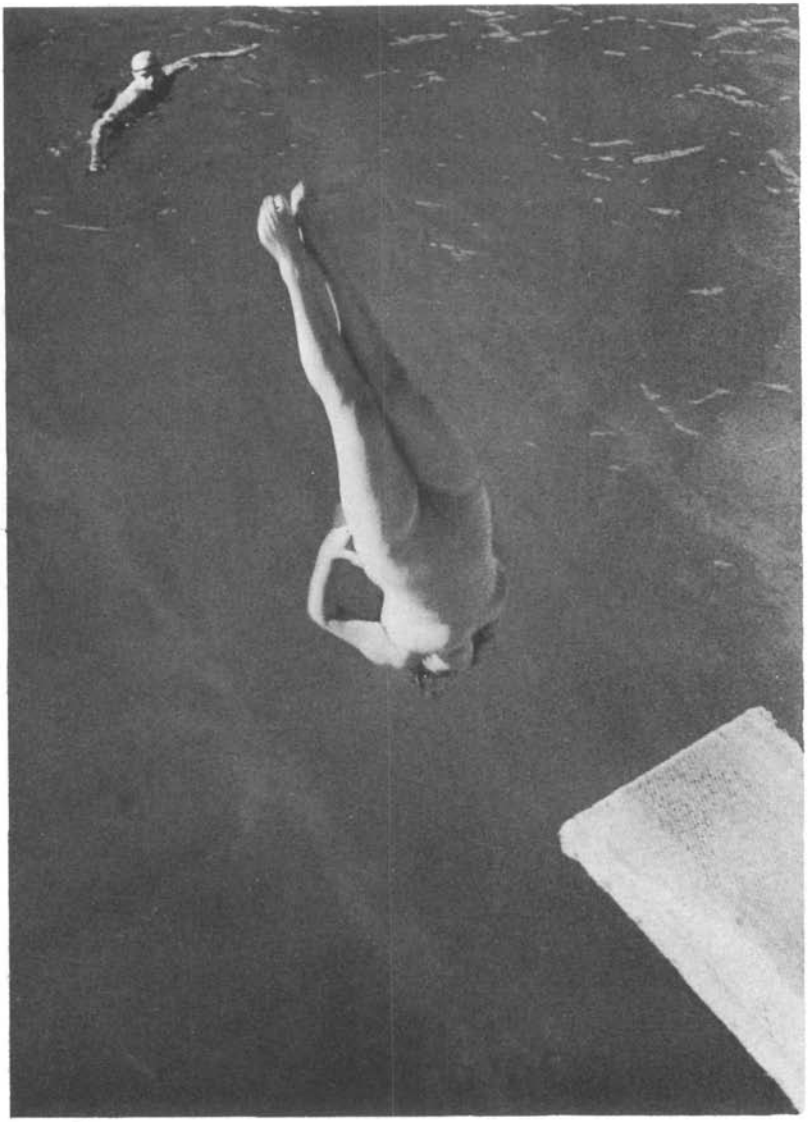

ANDRÉ STEINER PARIS

SPLASH

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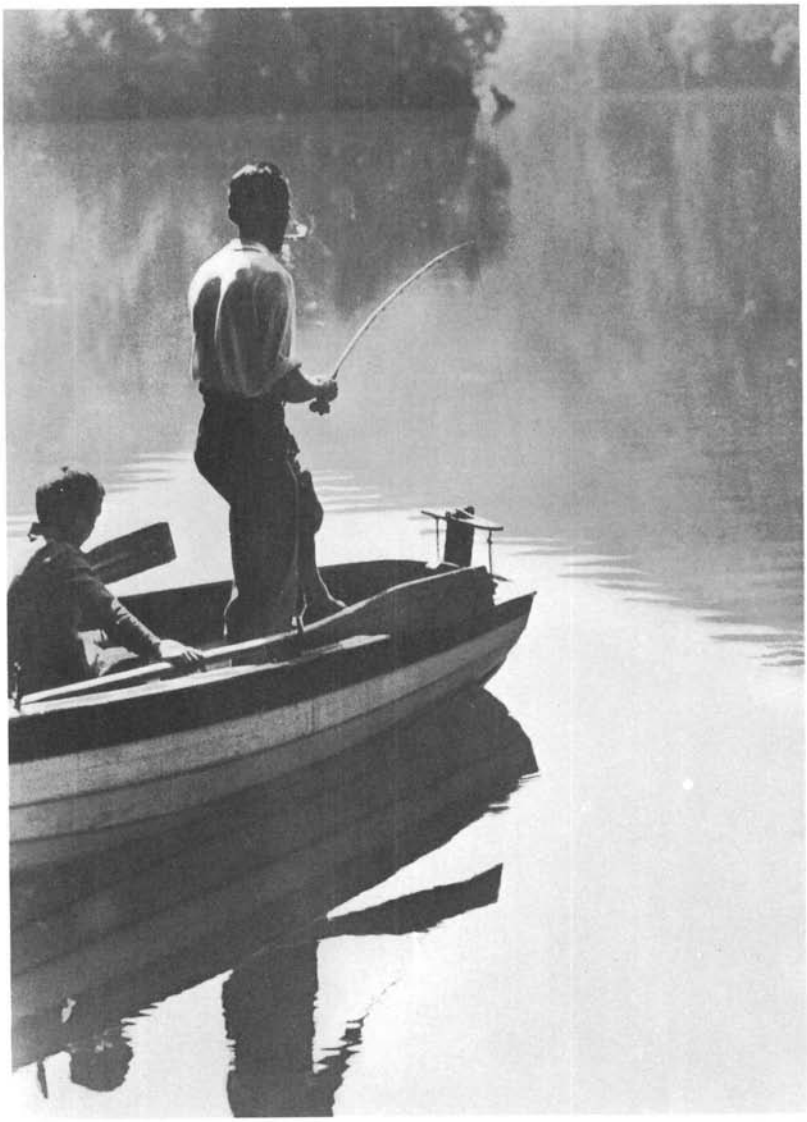

KÁROLY KLETZ MISKOLC, HUNGARY

WELL?

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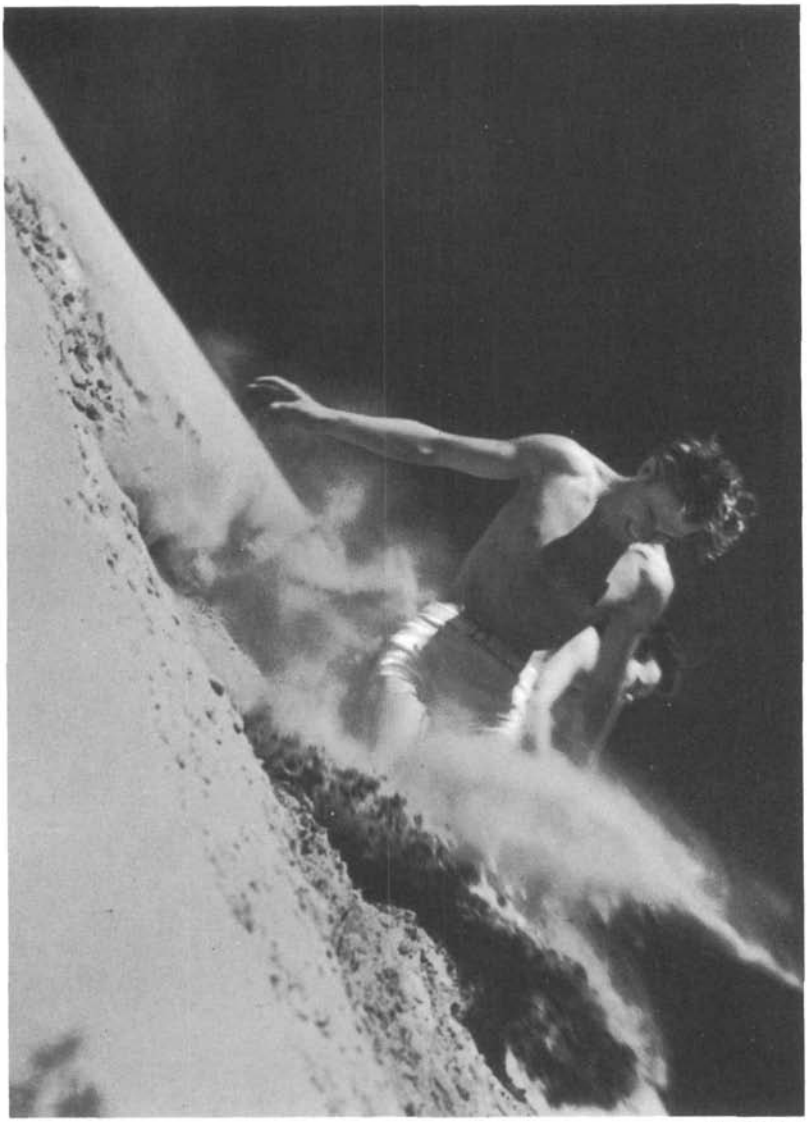

DON WALLACE CHICAGO

FOOT BRAKE

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BRASSAÏ PARIS

SENTINEL

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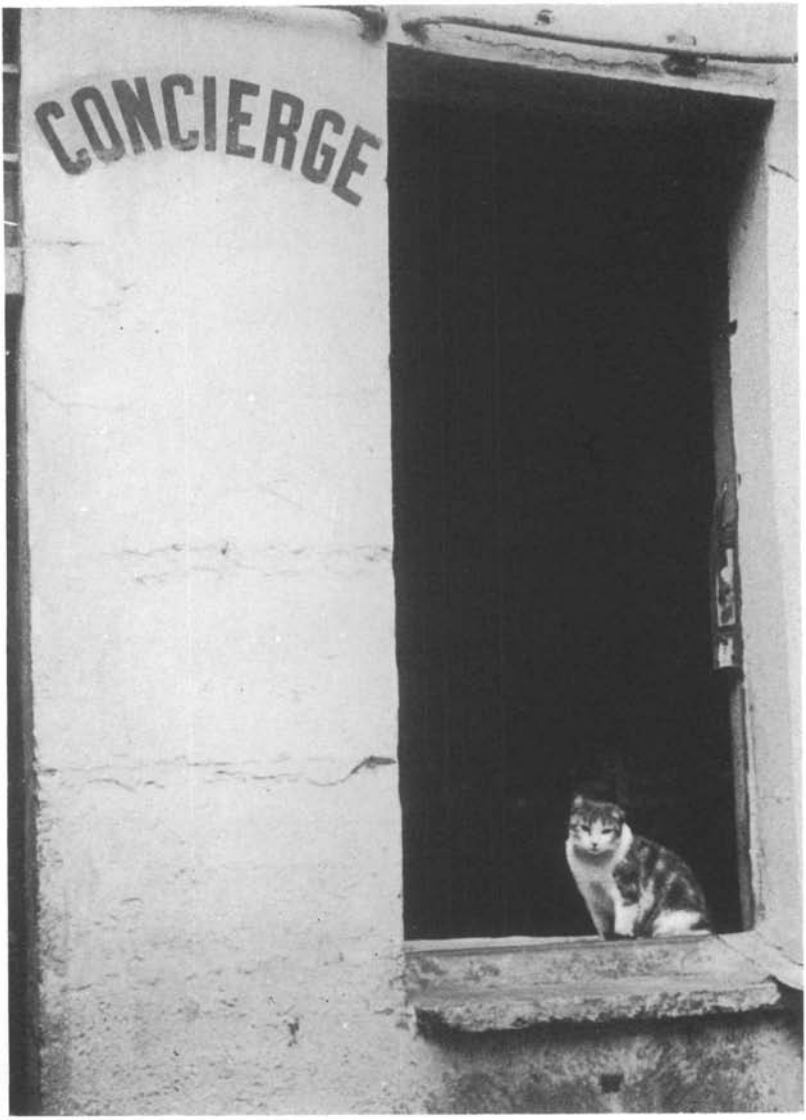

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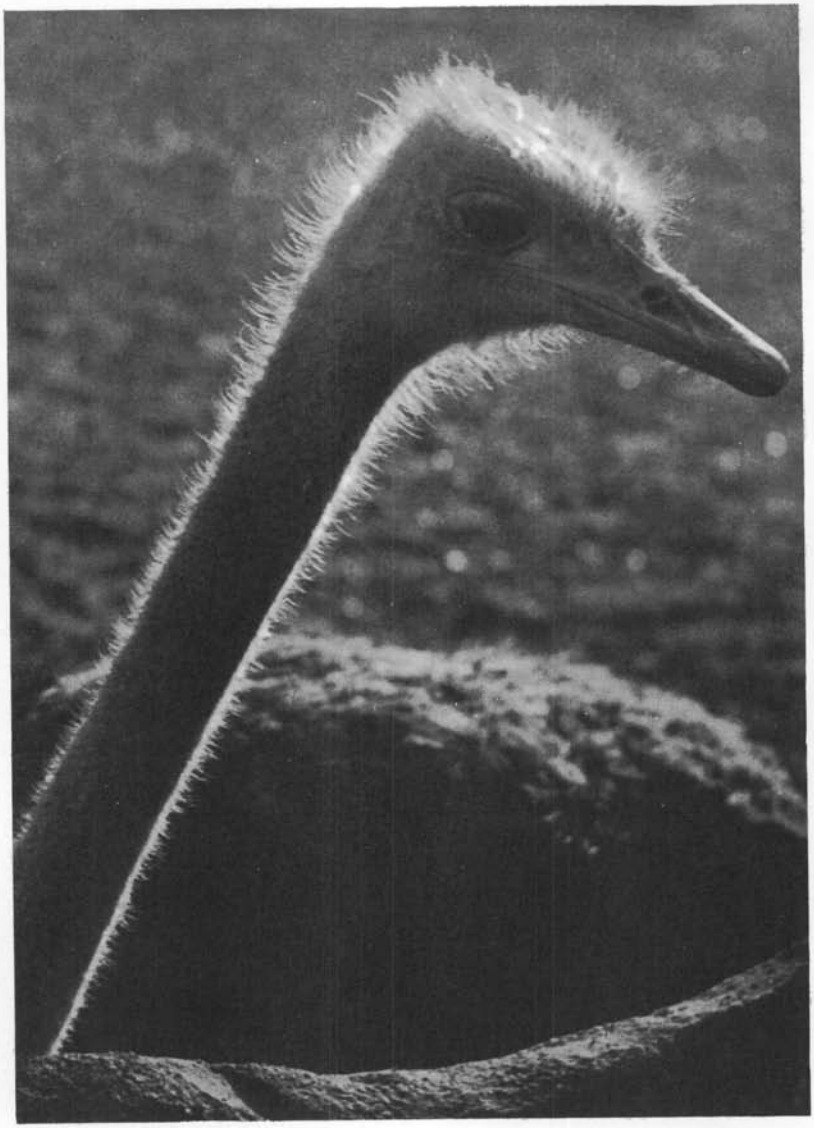

MARCEL BOVIS PARIS

PROFILE

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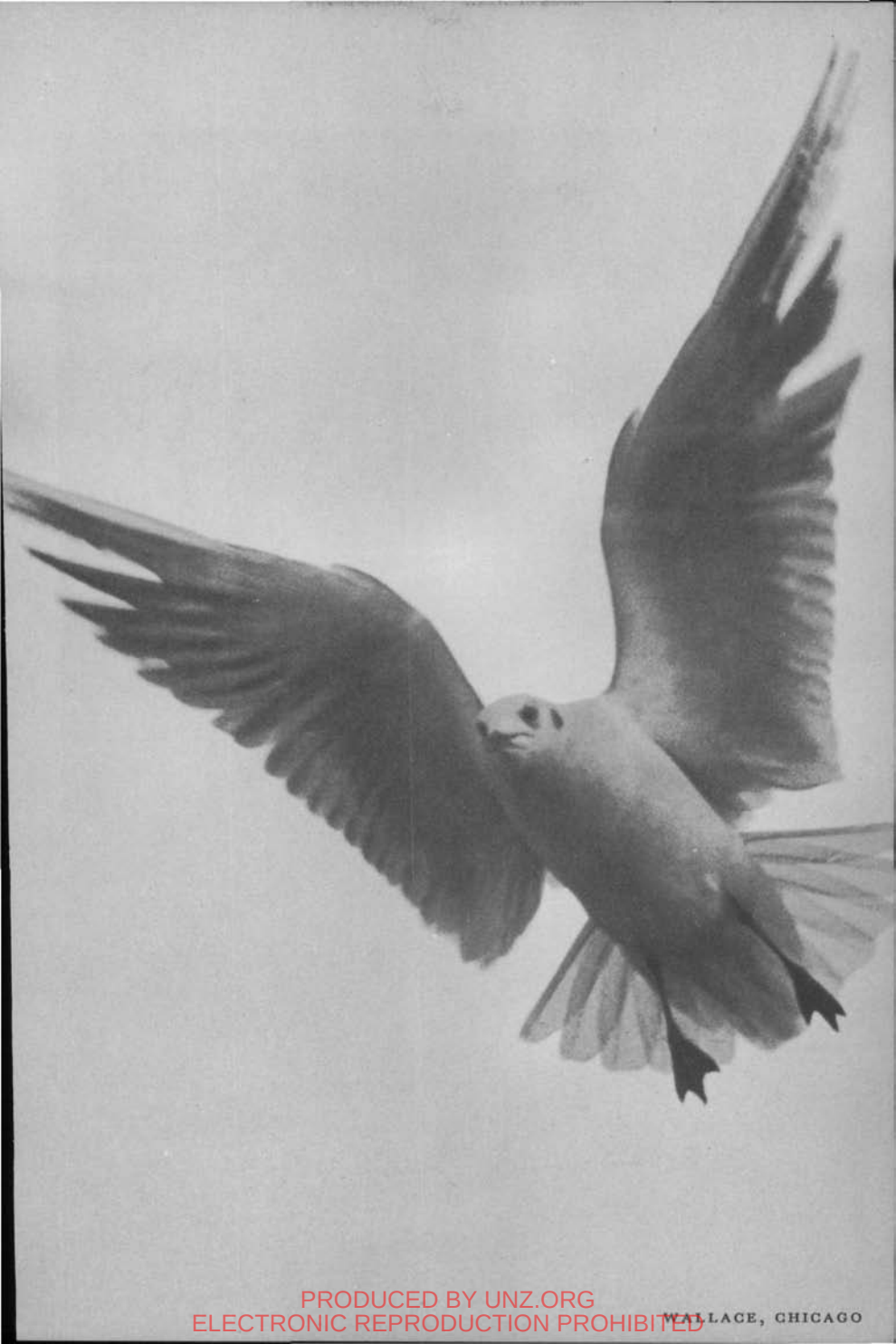

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WALLACE, CHICAGO

ANTE KORNIČ — LJUBLJANA, YUGOSLAVIA

LEA

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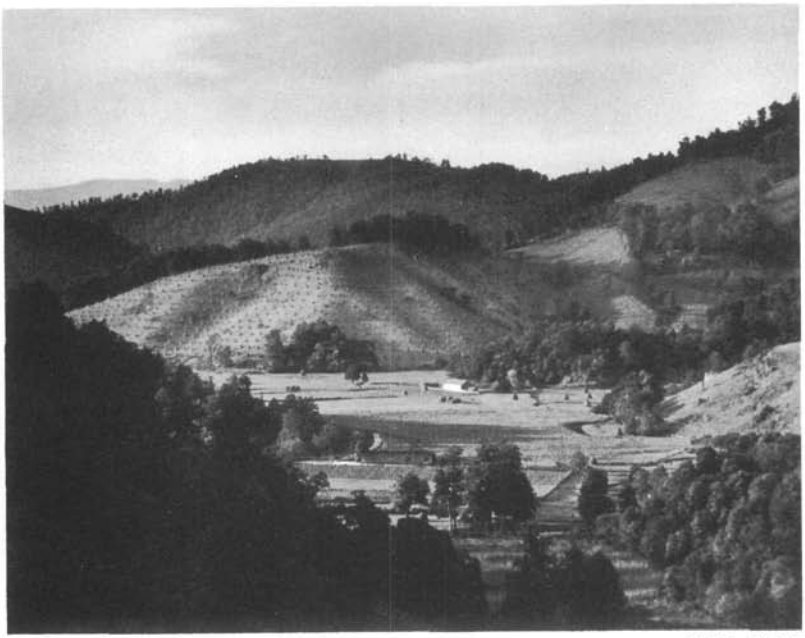

WHITING-FELLOWS NEW YORK

DELL

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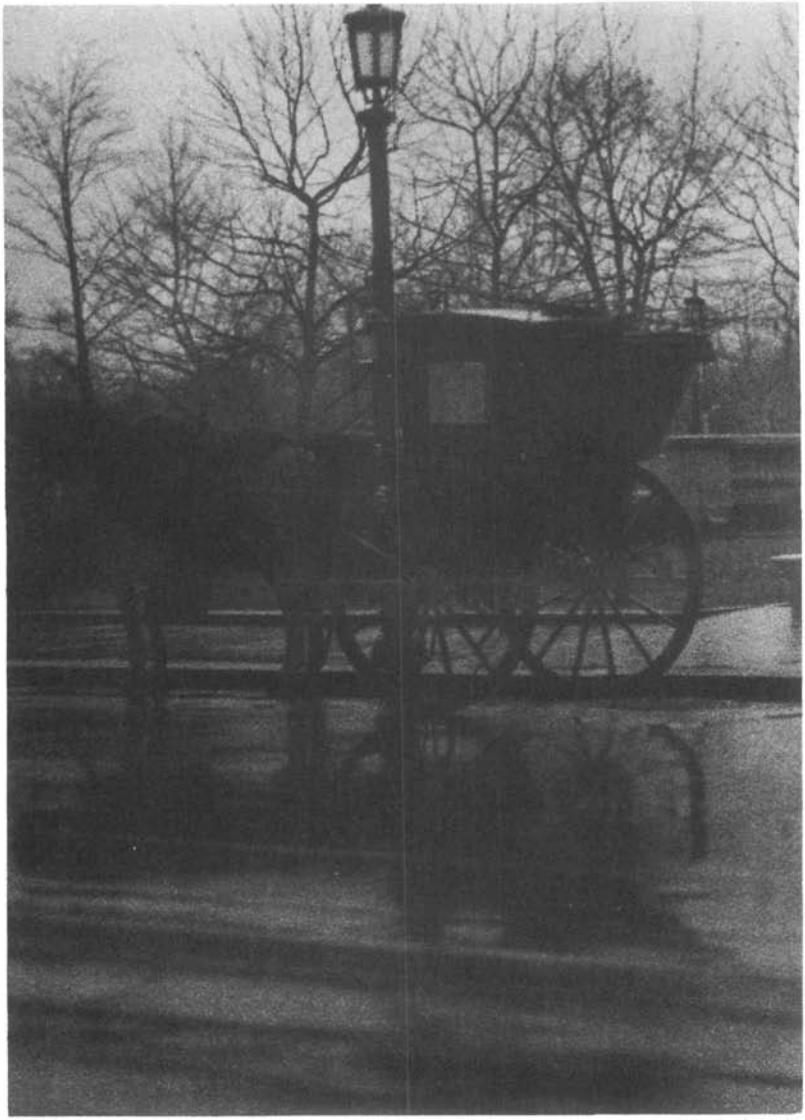

NELL DORR NEW YORK

ON BORROWED TIME

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BALOGH FROM EUROPEAN

AND NO PLACE TO GO

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LÁSZLÓ HORVÁTH BUDAPEST

LITTLE ENTENTE

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JENÖ DENKSTEIN BUDAPEST

HORTICULTURIST

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UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

FLOWER GIRL

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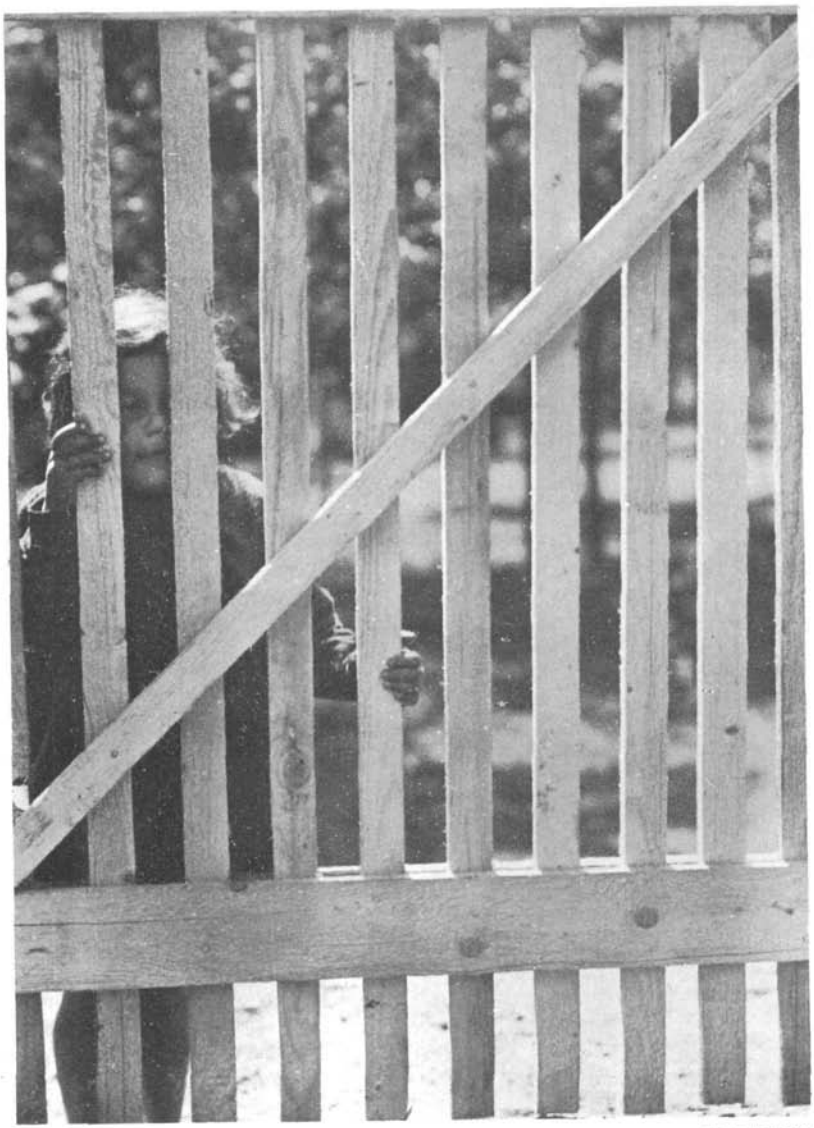

JENÖ DENKSTEIN BUDAPEST

THE GRASS . . .

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LÁSZLÓ LENGYEL MISKOLC, HUNGARY

. . . IS ALWAYS GREENER

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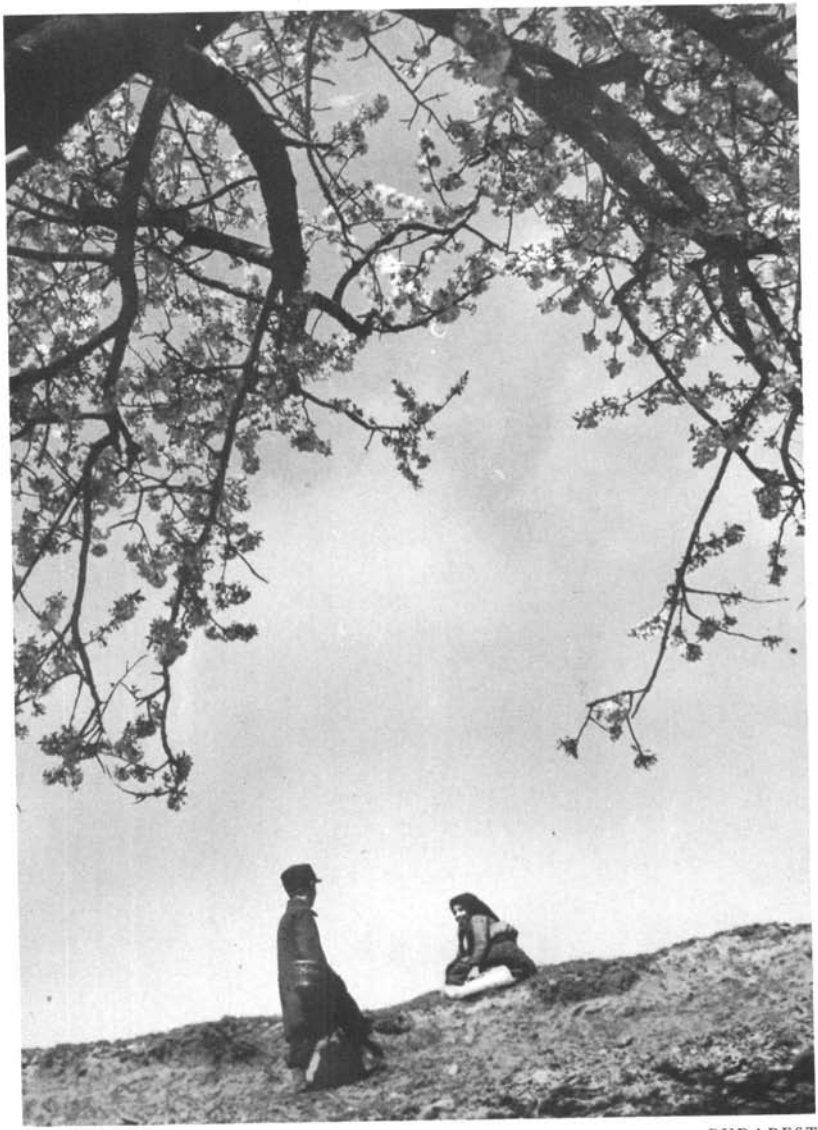

ERNÖ VADAS BUDAPEST

TRYST

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G. DE FREVILLE PARIS

NOW THAT APRIL'S HERE

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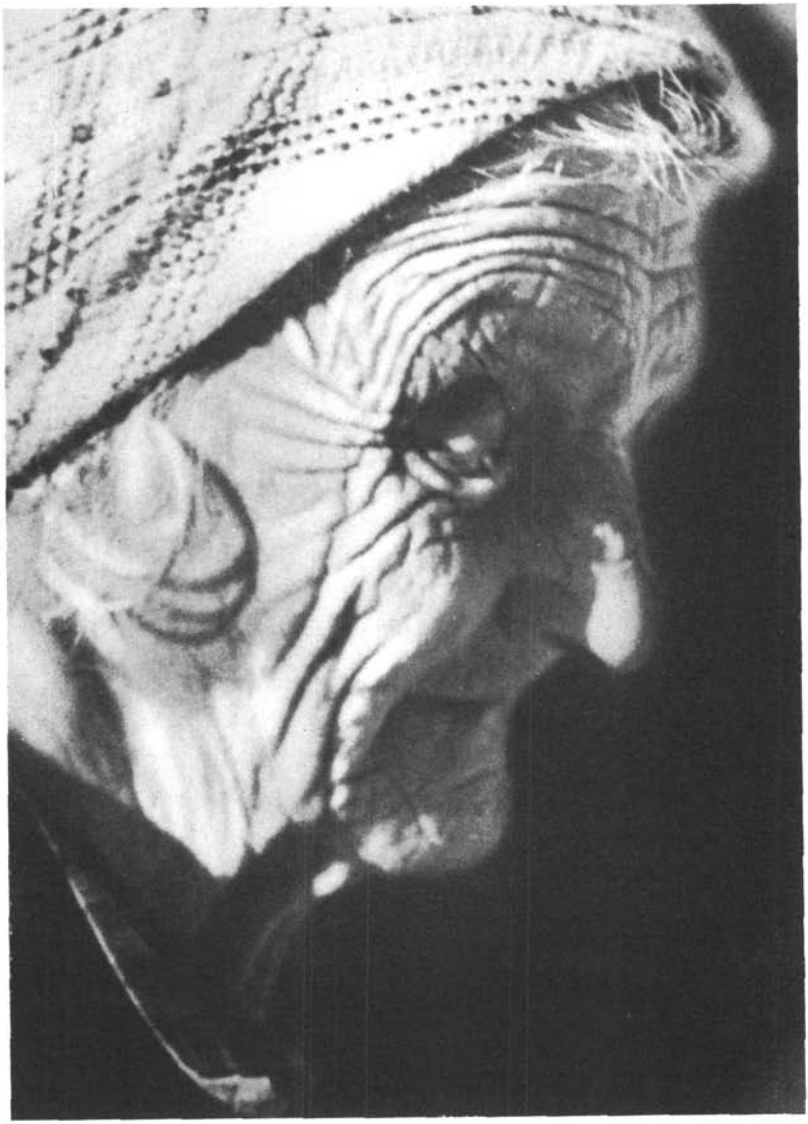

ANTE KORNIČ LJUBLJANA, YUGOSLAVIA

MEMORIES

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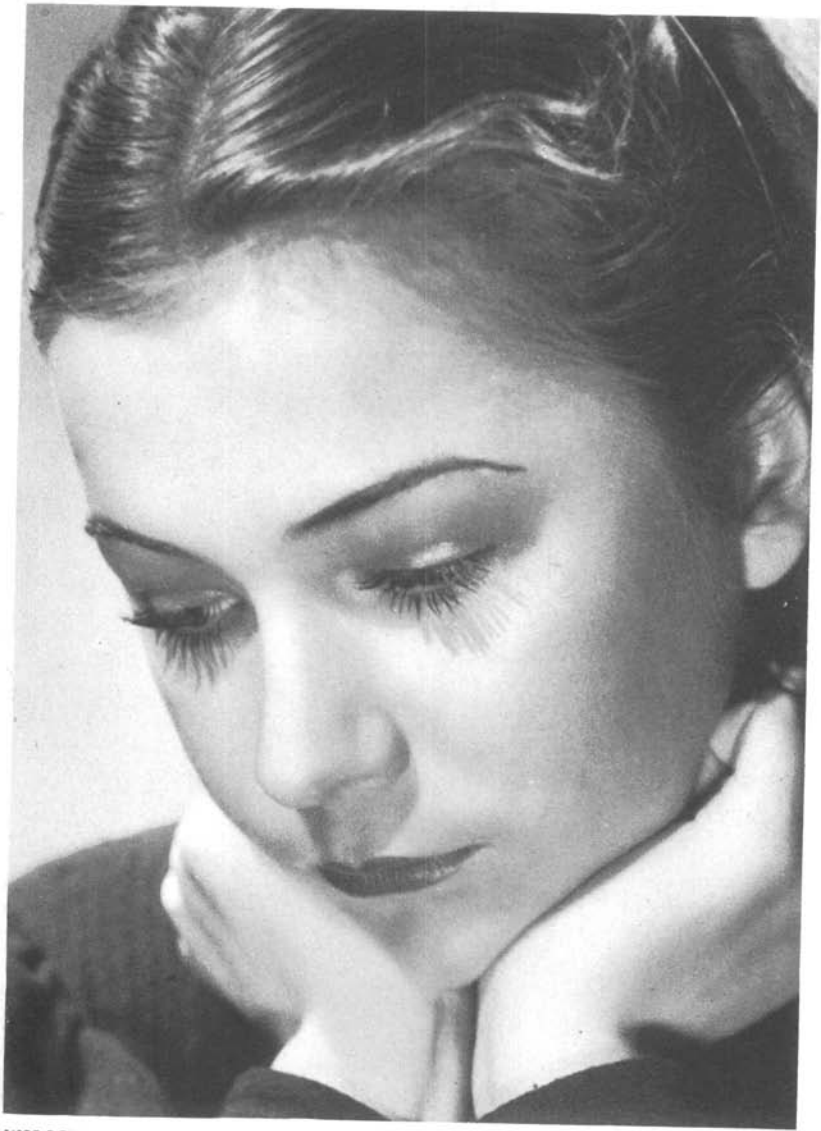

WILLINGER VIENNA

HOPES

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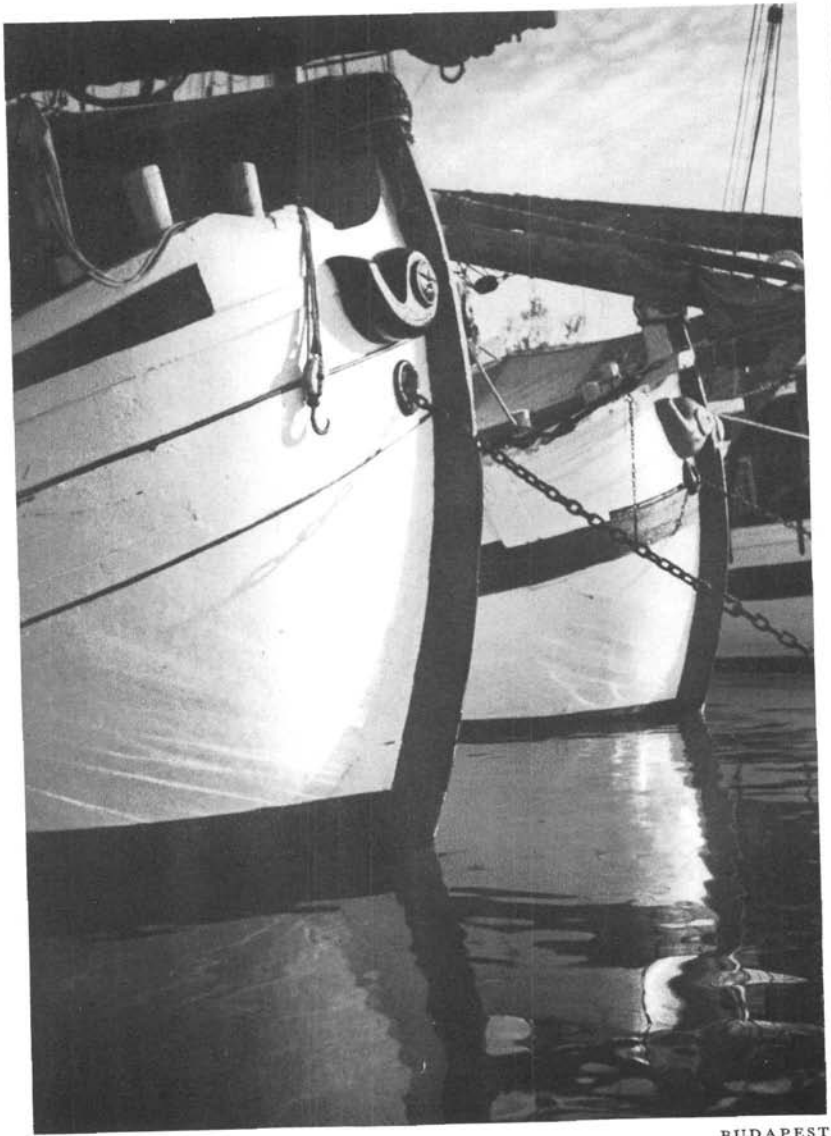

DR. CSÖRGEÖ

BUDAPEST

TETHERED

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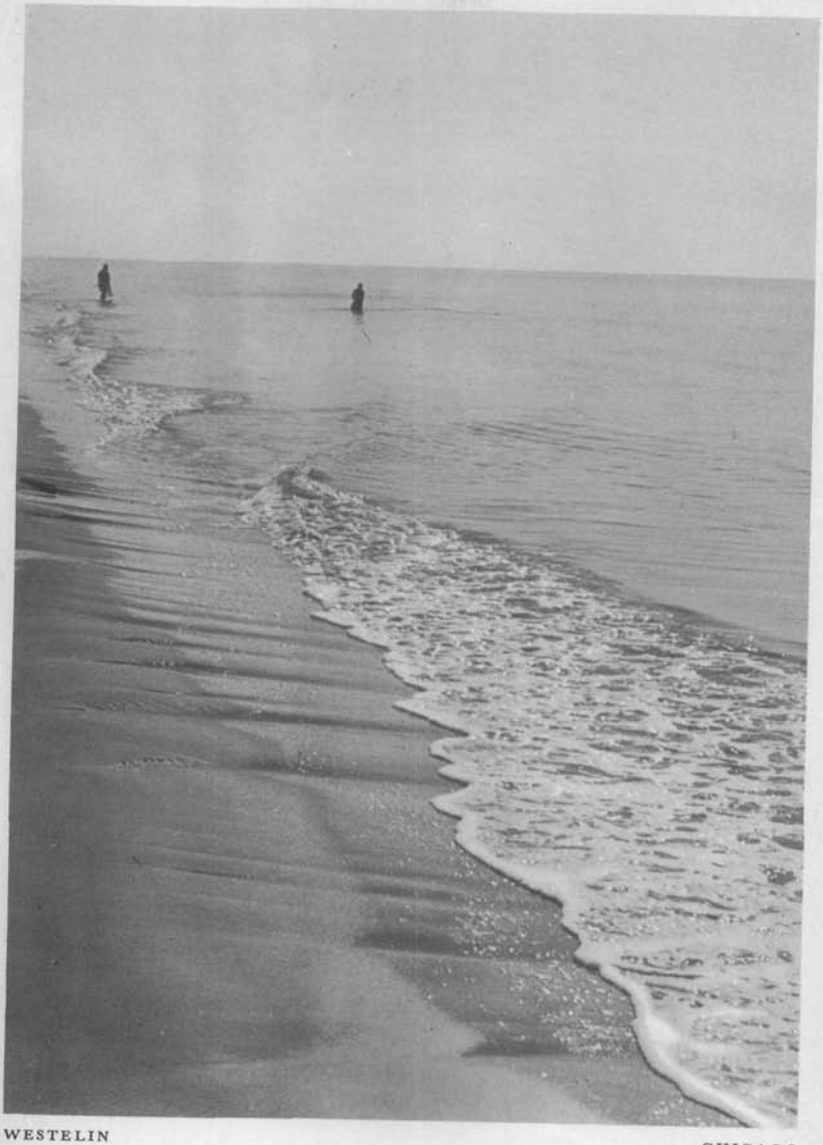

WESTELIN CHICAGO

TRACERY OF FOAM

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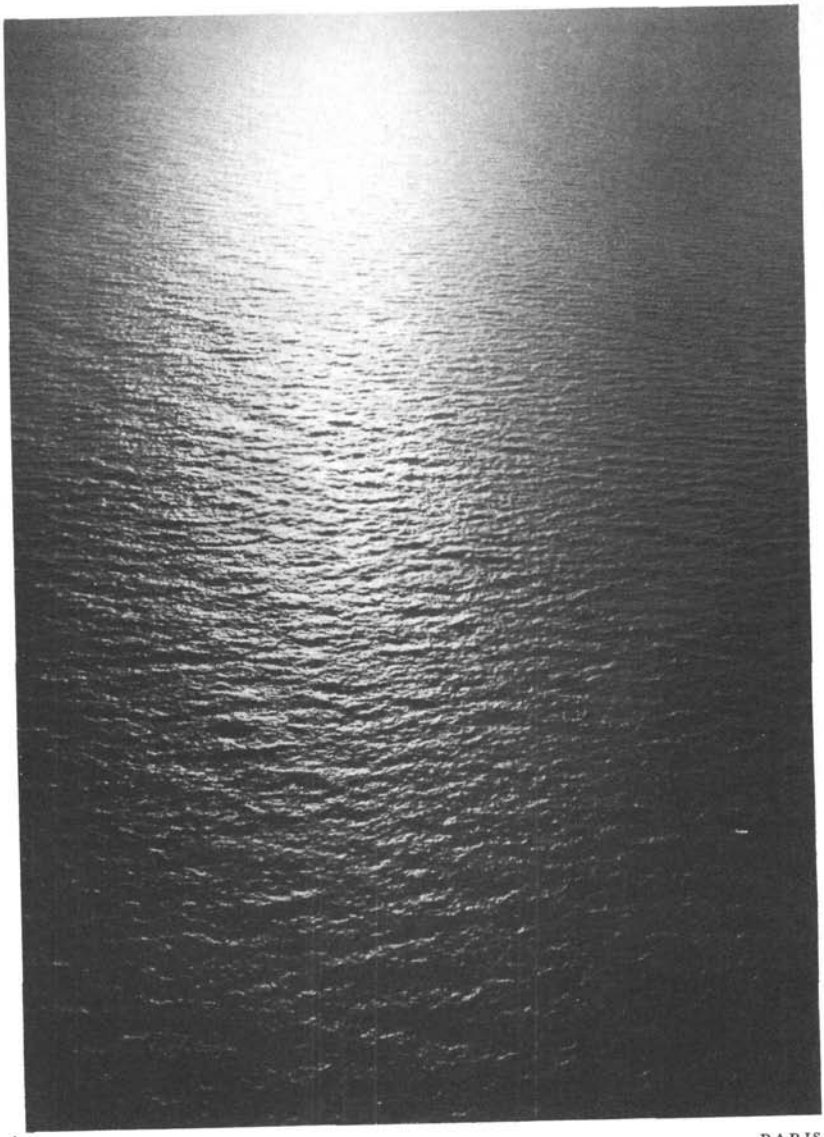

PIERRE JAHAN PARIS

MARE NOSTRUM

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WOLFF

FROM EUROPEAN

BELLIED SAIL

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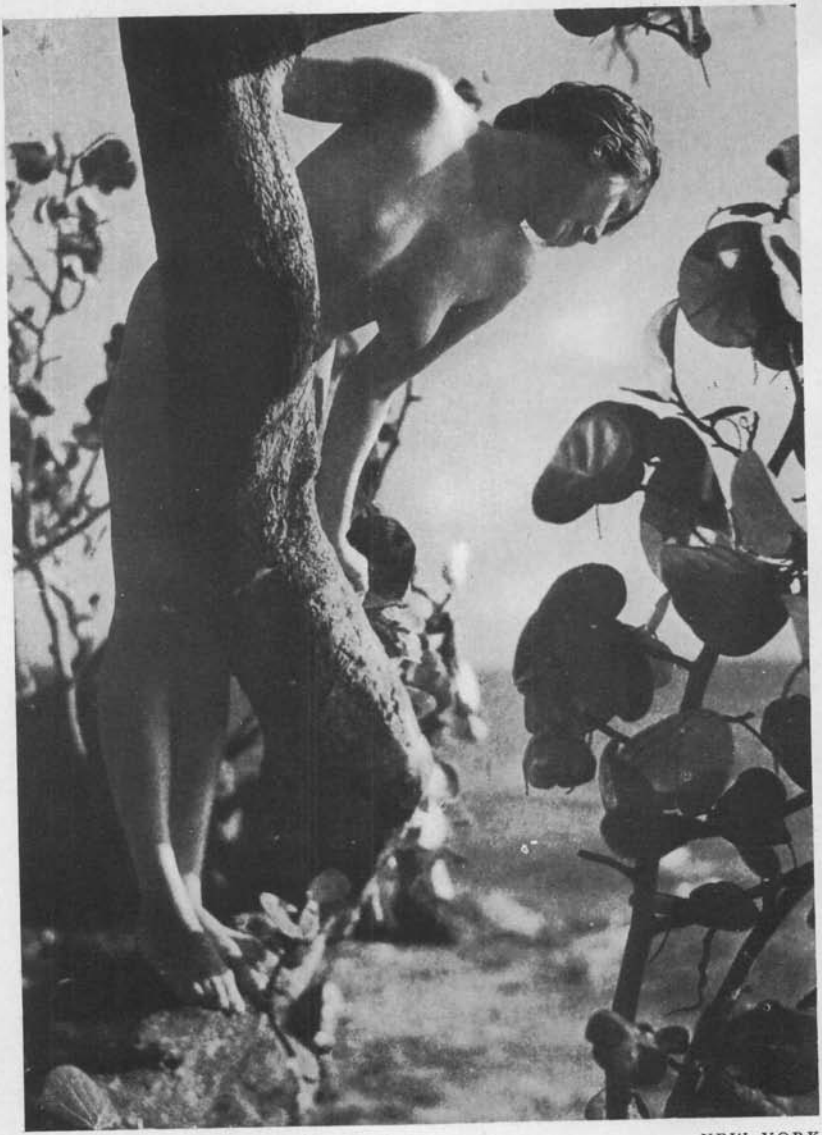

NELL DORR NEW YORK

FRONDAGE

CORONET

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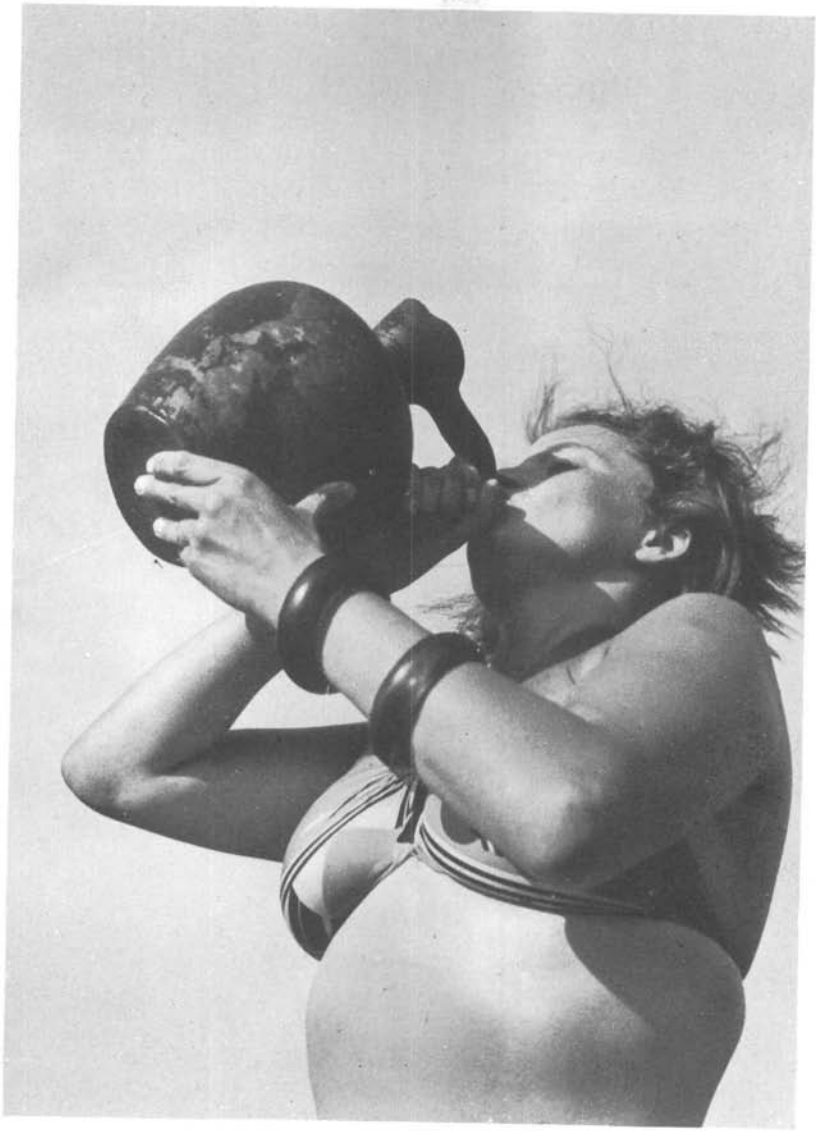

GYULA HALBERG

BUDAPEST

GIRL AT THE WELL

APRIL, 1938

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ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

DARK MIRROR

CORONET

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BLUMENFELD, PARIS

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NORA DUMAS PARIS

WHEAT SPIKE

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H. S. ULAN MT. VERNON, N. Y.

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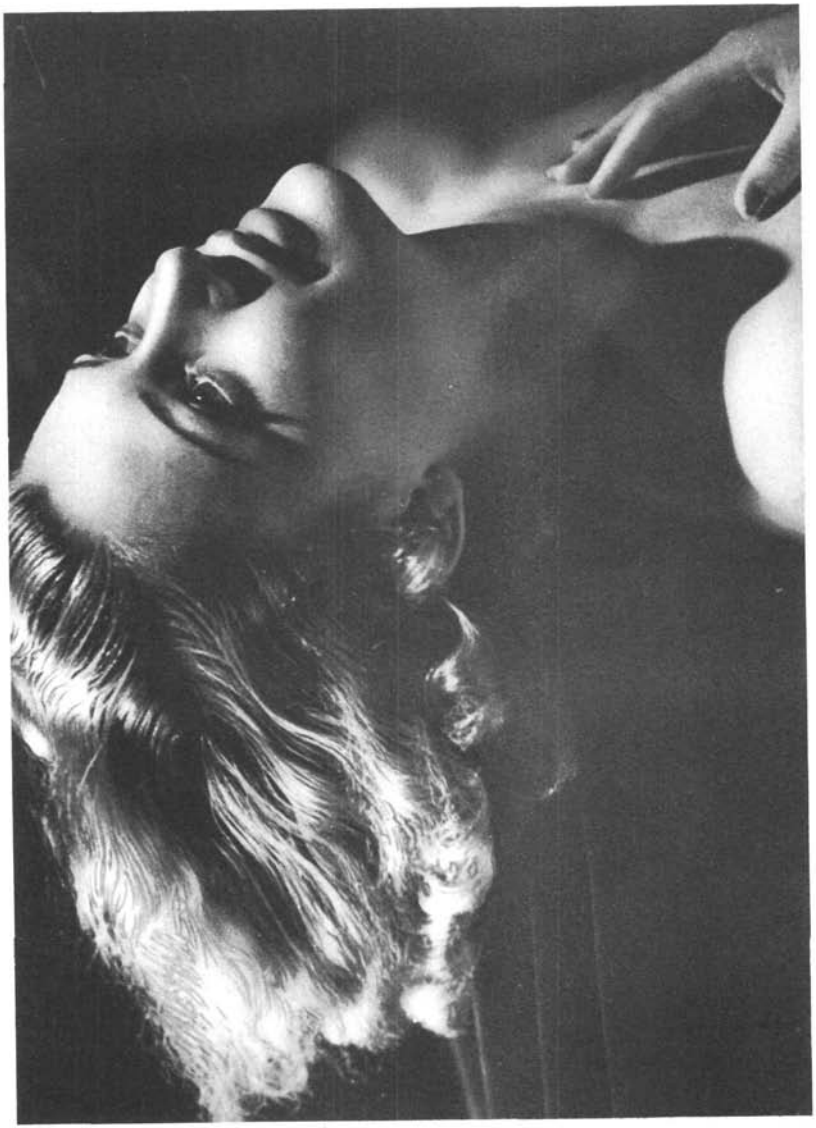

STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

DOWNBEAT

CORONET

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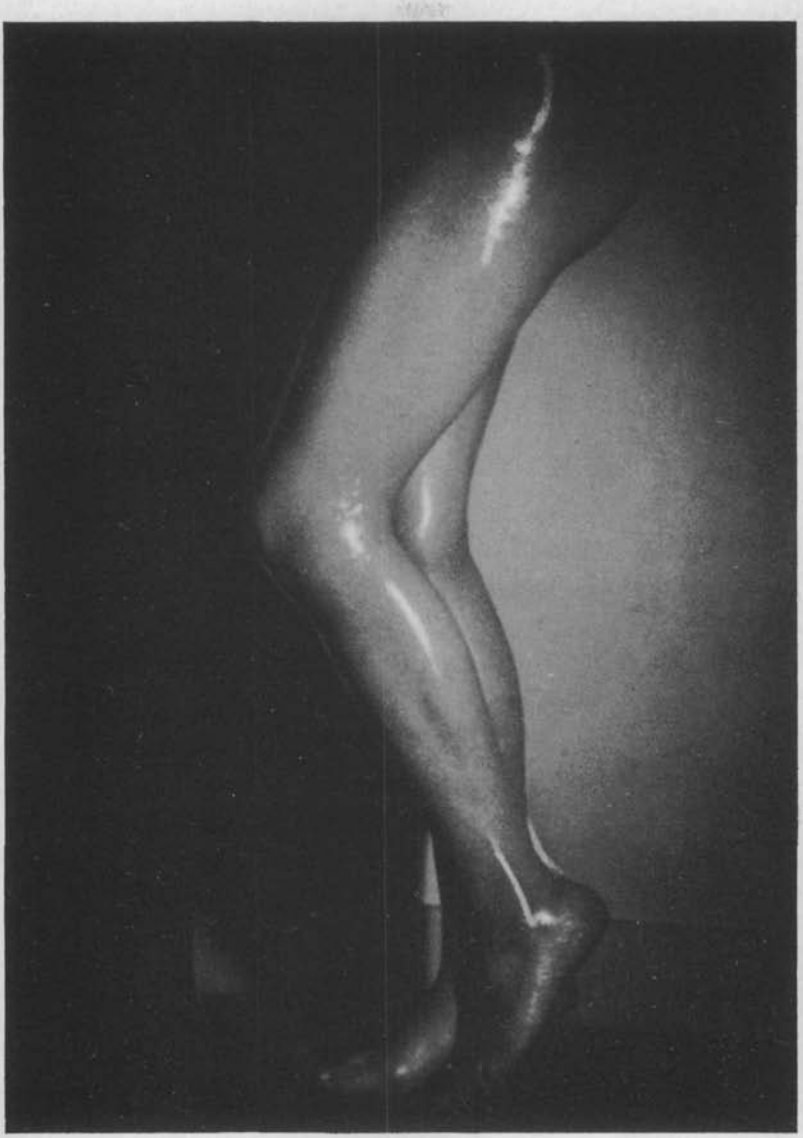

TANNENWALD PARIS

TIPTOE

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DR. AJTAY-HEIM BUDAPEST

CLUSTER

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MME. FULD, PARIS FROM PUBLIPHOT

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ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

KASHMIRI

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DR. PETER WELLER FROM EUROPEAN

BEATITUDE

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VADAS, BUDAPEST FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

TÊTE-À-TÊTE

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NORA DUMAS PARIS

TEAMSTRESS

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ANTE KORNIČ LJUBLJANA, YUGOSLAVIA

QUEST OF PIETY

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VADAS, BUDAPEST FROM SCHULZ, L.I.

A MOMENT'S REST

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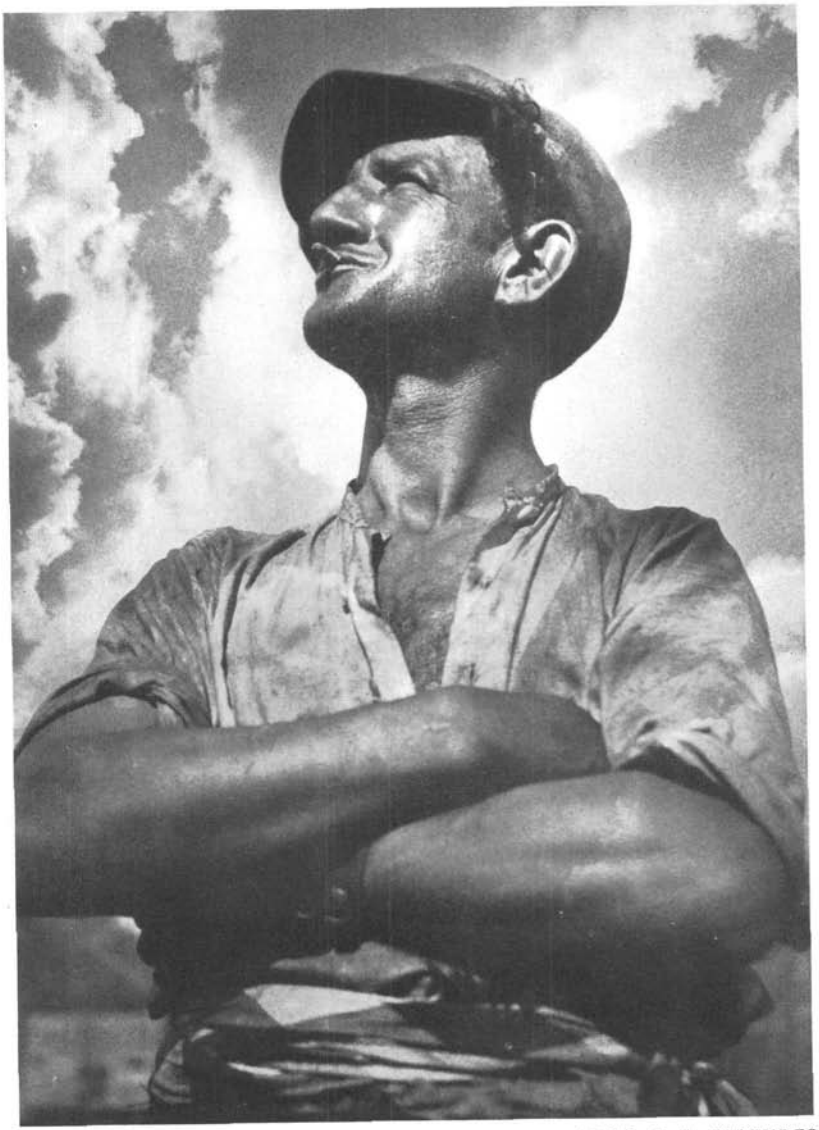

KOLLAR, PARIS

FROM U. S. PICTURES

PHYSICAL

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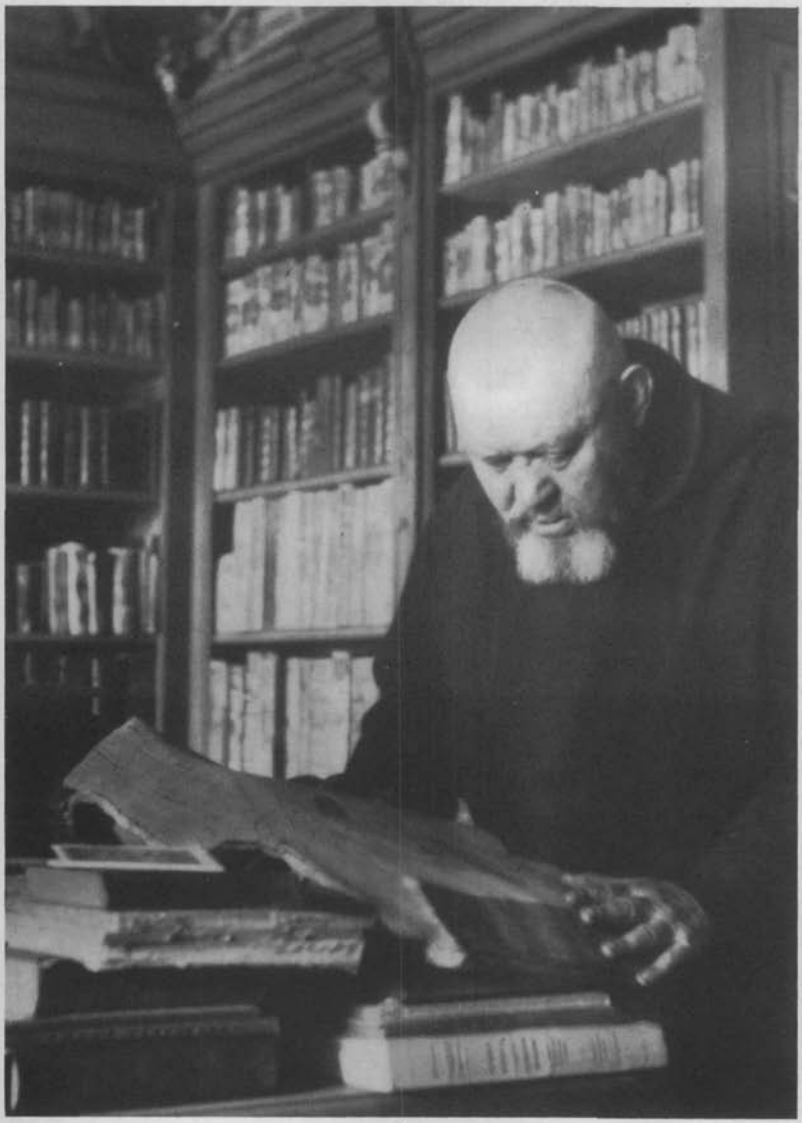

FRANZ LERCH MÄHRISCH-OSTRAU, CZECHOSLOVAKIA

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WESTELIN CHICAGO

FINISHING TOUCH

CORONET

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GYULA RAMHAB BUDAPEST

HOLIDAY

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VADAS, SCHULZ, L.L.

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VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

EIGHT MEDIEVAL ENAMELS

The medieval enamel worker, mainly pursuing his craft for the greater glory of God, strove for perfection no less than the medieval painter, and in many respects came closer to achieving it than that distinctly limited harbinger of better things to come in the graphic arts.

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VIRGIN AND CHILD

All these enamels have a gilt copper base, treated by the champlevé process. Depressions forming the design for the enameled portion were cut in the base and filled with enamel fondant, which was then fired. The process still survives, but the art of it has all but died out.

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HERALDIC MEDALLION

The only non-religious enamel in the group, this heraldic medallion is believed to have been part of the decoration of a casket. The center is champlevé enamel and the gilt copper border is elaborately pierced and chased. Of French origin, it is dated in the 13th century.

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COVER OF A BOOK OF THE GOSPELS

This decorative book cover of the middle 13th century depicts Christ in majesty, surrounded by symbols of the four Evangelists. It is of French origin, a product of the celebrated school of Limoges enamel workers, though not an example of their usual "surface-painted" style.

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CENTER PANEL OF A TRIPTYCH

This central section of a medieval triptych, dated approximately 1150, represents the Crucifixion, with the visit of the Holy Women to the sepulchre, and the descent into Hades. The borders are stamped and engraved, and the inner border is enriched with brown lacquer.

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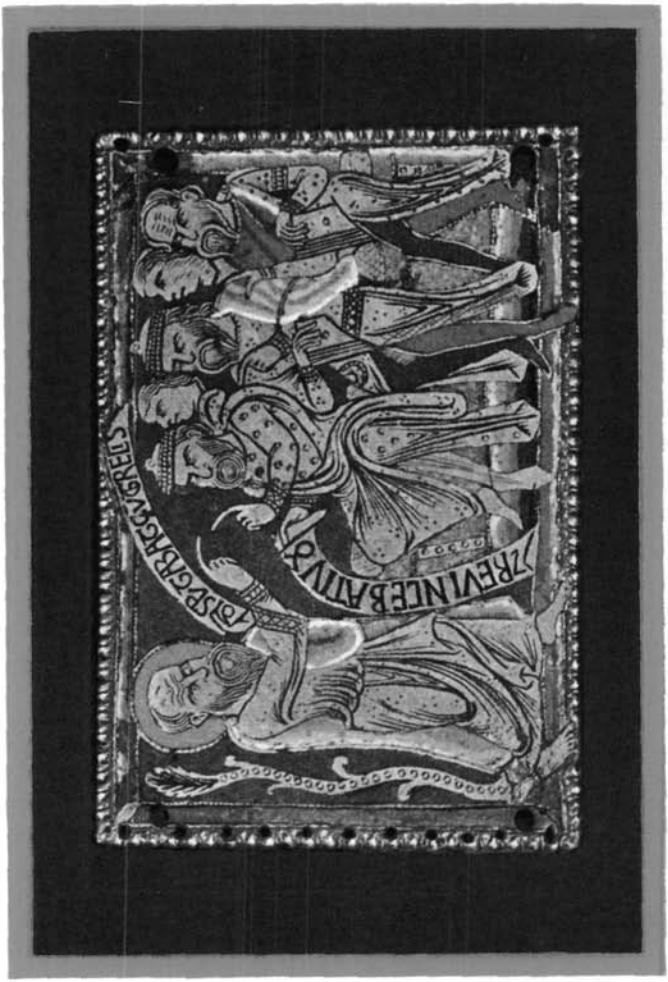

PLAQUE OF ST. PAUL—I

On this and the opposite page are two of a group of 12th century English plaques depicting scenes from the lives of St. Paul and St. Peter. The scene above portrays St. Paul disputing with Greeks and Jews; opposite, St. Paul being let down from the walls of Damascus.

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PLAQUE OF ST. PAUL—II

A Florentine enamel worker is said to have discovered the principle of the printing press when, upon removing a piece of paper that had accidentally blown upon an engraved plate filled with fluid enamel, he found an impression of the design clearly outlined on its surface.

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VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

THE LAST JUDGMENT

Depicting Christ in majesty, and the mouth of Hell with devils and damned souls, this plaque is of English craftsmanship, dated between 1150 and 1160. A typical Anglo-Saxon characteristic of medieval delineation is the violent contortion of the figures of the angels.

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COUNT OF PODUNK

BORN AND JAILED IN AMERICA, BENJAMIN THOMPSON WENT ON TO GLORY IN EUROPE

COUNT of Podunk! You might think it a joke but a Yankee whose name ranks next to Franklin's among Americans who have gained distinction in science once bore a similar title with perfect seriousness. He was the Count of Rumford, but he might as easily have been the Count of Hickville or of Podunk. It just happened that the little New Hampshire town which was honored by inclusion in his title was called Rumford.

The Count of Rumford's contributions to science are, perhaps, unfamiliar to the layman but the smoke goes up your chimney, thanks to him, for it was he who put fireplaces on an efficiency basis. But that was a minor achievement. His interests ranged from drip coffeepots to the properties of heat and light. This titled New Englander had a street in Paris named for him; there's a monument to him in Munich; and his portrait was engraved on the soup tickets of Geneva!

The future Count was born—not in Rumford—but in Woburn, Massachusetts, in 1753. Even as a child, Benjamin Thompson took himself seriously. He began teaching school when scarcely out of one himself, and at the age of nineteen married a wealthy widow of Rumford, and moved into the palatial home provided by husband number one.

The newlyweds went on a trip to Portsmouth where Governor Wentworth was so impressed with the handsome bridegroom that he commissioned him to a majorship which happened to be vacant in the Provincial Regiment. Back in Rumford, or Concord as the place is now called, the neighbors resented this rapid rise.

"The young whippersnapper is putting on airs," they said. And no doubt he did swagger a bit. He had quit school teaching and was managing his wife's estate. He was engrossed, also, in his experiments with gunpowder, and in the study of physics.

The budding scientist was on both sides of the fence when the War of Independence broke out. The zealous patriots of Rumford arrested him for lukewarmness. Indignant, he escaped and fled to London where he promptly became confidential secretary to Lord George Germaine. He continued his experiments, also, and in 1779 was

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elected fellow of the Royal Society.

Honors galore were bestowed on the Yankee school teacher. He became Sir Benjamin Thompson, Chevalier von Bauernfeind, and Count von Rumford. Why he complimented the town where he found a wife with whom he lived but two years is a mystery.

Paris received him next. He was elected a member of the French Institute where he regularly reported his experiments, seated often beside Napoleon whose interest in technical discussions impressed even Thompson, usually impressed only by himself.

Meantime his plans for economy in feeding and housing the poor had become known from Munich to Dublin. Soup kitchens without waste, and dinners at a penny a head, were pet theories of his. A meal *à la Rumford* meant a skimpy hand-out, whatever the language of the hungry. He was delighted when the authorities at Geneva adopted his plans and engraved his portrait on the soup tickets.

The year Napoleon was crowned Emperor, Benjamin Thompson was writing home for his birth certificate. The French were so fussy about such things! After the death of his wife, whom he had deserted, he secured a license to marry again. He picked a wealthy widow, wife of the illustrious chemist, Lavoisier, whose head had been cut off during the Reign of Terror by a mob crying, "The Republic has no need of savants." This second marital attempt was also a failure.

Their style of living was really magnificent, he wrote his daughter, Sarah. He was proud of a wife who received at her salon "all the great and wealthy such as the philosophers, members of the Institute, and Ladies of celebrity." Every Monday she gave a party. Before long the bridegroom was complaining of having to live on scraps all the rest of the week. Their quarrels became violent and by 1808 his one wish was to be free from that "unfeeling, tyrannical woman—for lady I cannot call her." So they separated.

A house at Auteuil, already famous as the home of Madame Helvetius, that elderly flapper whom Benjamin Franklin had courted when in Paris, now became his home. Franklin and Count Rumford had much in common. They were born in homes only twelve miles apart. Both were members of most of the learned societies of Europe; both had gone in for research on smoking chimneys, (not to mention French widows) and both, though scholarly, were practical in the application of their theories. It was the Yankee in them, no doubt.

Sarah joined her father at Auteuil, but was absent when he died in 1814, the year of Napoleon's abdication. On his tomb in the ancient cemetery of Auteuil is engraved:

"To the memory of Benjamin Thompson, Count of Rumford, born in 1753 at Concord, near Boston (America)."

—Mabel A. Brown

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RUN HOME!

OF A MEMORY THAT, LULLED BY THE YEARS INTO A DREAM, AWAKENED TO ACTUALITY

On an impulse Ran Moffett had sped away from New York in his car to do a week in Westham, on the Cape, and at last, once and for all, search Captain's Island. It seemed a good idea until he arrived; then he discovered that Westham as remembered, as anticipated, was one thing and Westham arrived at was quite another, was, in fact, the Peregrine Inn, an old house surrounded by a rain storm. The skies had opened. It rained for two days steadily.

He sat in the Inn parlor which smelt of boiled food and old carpet, listening to the steady pour on the verandah roof. Why was he there? What good to search Captain's Island after all these years? If it rains tomorrow, he told himself, I'm off: then Tamsin Taylor—she ran the Inn, and this was the second afternoon—suggested the public library. He was her one guest and obviously weighed on her conscience.

He remembered the Westham library, a yellow-painted cottage on Commerce Street. A sign with gold letters. Of course it would have been changed now. Still it was an objective. He put on a slicker, borrowed an umbrella and set forth.

Ran Moffett was 38. His face was brown and healthy; his body slim and strong so that he seemed younger for all his grey hair. He hadn't seen the inside of a public library for many years. In his imaginations, as he faced the rain's drive turning into Commerce Street, he saw the librarian, a withered dame, probably deaf.

He was as wrong as he could be. The library hadn't changed—the librarian was lovely, a slender and graceful young woman with intelligent brown eyes. She seemed so alien in that air, sterile and weary as exhaled by regiments of old books, that midway in telling her what sort of a book he hoped to find Moffett, feeling deep down some sort of uncertainty or shyness like an echo of what he certainly would have felt seventeen years before, said: "My name is Randolf Moffett." It was a name famous enough, but he hadn't said it for that. "I think we have met, but long ago," he said.

"I'm Beth Austin," she said.

He did not know that name. "Of

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course," she said, "I know who you are, that you are staying at the Inn. This is a village, Mr. Moffett," she smiled and there was a flash of light in her brown eyes.

There was no one else in the library —one room, a table with hard chairs, Miss Austin's desk. They were soon talking as friends.

He told her how it was that he had no right whatever to be there in Westham in May with a mountain of work waiting for him in New York.

"Did you come here to fish?"

"I came here for clear foolishness," he told her seriously. "I came to look for a ghost," he added after a moment —"that I guess I don't believe in."

"I was here before," he explained. "Once. Seventeen years ago. I was here for a week. That's all. Something happened; something pretty awful. I've always wanted to come back, I don't know just why, to look into this: first I was too busy, then I was advised not to. My wife advised me not to." He broke off to look anxiously over Beth Austin's desk. "Are you busy?"

She said, "I haven't a thing I must do." She looked at him. "What evil did you find here in Westham?"

"Evil? I brought it, perhaps. Then I was a youngster. I knew about birds. I was one of these very serious kids who knows what he's going to do with his life. You know the Golden Plover?"

"Oh, yes." She was pleased. "Did you go to Captain's Island . . ."

He looked startled: "How did you know? About the Island, I mean."

"The Golden Plover is seen there. It's the only place around here that he is."

"Have you been on the Island recently?"

"Oh, yes," she said.

"Could you, would you go with me —tomorrow, if this rain stops? I suppose I could hire a boat."

"We'll use mine."

"Then you will? Ah, but the rain—"

"The wind's hauling around to the west. It's clearing."

II

She came down the steps of the big white house on Signal Hill just as Moffett reached the gate. She ran. It was a shock that she was prettier than he had remembered despite a whole night of doze and waking to imagine her more than she was, and younger, too, in dark blue sweater, blue corduroy skirt. She said she would have asked him in but they must hurry, wasn't that right? They started downhill.

Before they reached the old wharf standing knock-kneed and uncertain in half tide the breeze had gone and the day was dead still. A boy was bailing Beth Austin's catboat which seemed very large for that sort of rig, and comfortable. She and Moffett sat down on a bench set against the shingled wall of a fish shed. He asked her how long she had known Westham, and she said always. Oh, for about two centuries. She talked a little about

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the Austins with easy unaffected frankness, with pride and amusement. They had been a great clan, owned fleets of ships, made fortunes, lost them. She had traveled, when they had it to spend; but she preferred Westham. She loved Westham best.

He thought: "Of course. All the same staying here because you want to, and staying here because you must—there's two different things. I like her voice."

She thought, stealing a glance at his slender hands, spread-fingered on grey flannel: "What is she like, his wife? His age?"

A breeze, less than a puff, a sigh out of the day's clarity and hush, riffled the silken surface of the harbor which lay before them blue and wide to the horizon. The cat was bailed. The boy, a white haired Finn named Eddie, went forward to lie on his stomach as Beth took the tiller. They moved away as the sail almost filled, then slackened. The water was so clear they saw a skate swimming—or rather walking on the bottom. It left little disappearing foot-marks of its fingered underfins.

They were quite becalmed.

"I'm sorry," Beth said. "But I only promised fair weather."

"I like it. I like doing nothing."

"You haven't done much nothing, have you?"

He shook his head, lounged back, eyes closed.

Now she could look at him. Spy on him to see what he really looked like, who he was. You did not at first clearly see a man like Moffett; you felt there was a power all around him, in his smile, his changing grey eyes, his voice that was deep but clear and gentle. It vibrated within her when he spoke. But now she could see his true face. Her own expression, heedless because unseen, became serious, searching. She leaned nearer.

Suddenly his eyes were wide.

For a moment each looked in silence. It was like meeting face to face under water.

She asked, direct because she had been startled, "What was it happened on the Island? You said something pretty awful."

"It was. It changed my life." They did not seem to move yet they were far out now. The low grey green hills of the Island had grown. "I've told only one other . . ."

("His wife," Beth said to herself.)

"Very well, I'll tell you."

III

"I didn't sail across this way," Moffett said. "I walked the five miles round to the Point, a path that edged the salt meadow, all in bloom; then I rowed across in a Quahauger's boat I'd been told about. On the Island I took the road toward the back shore. It was May then, too; and I expected to see Golden Plover. I was seriously happy. Do you know what I mean?

"Dusk came too soon. I was out of sight of the sea on a foot path, overgrown. The grass near a grove of lo-

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cust trees was thick and dark. Well, I ate a couple of sandwiches and stretched out on the grass, thinking I'd rest five minutes. Sunset was just brightening the sky. I didn't go to sleep.

"I heard a voice so high, so clear, I thought it was a bird call. Then there were words: 'Run home! Run home!'

"There was a special light on everything. A white sunset. You know how it is sometimes. You realize that the light in the world has changed. 'Run home,' called that voice, coming nearer.

"I saw a woman, small, slender, through the trees. She said: 'Oh, here is a man asleep on the grass.' Nearer I saw she was not a woman but a child. Her skirts, wide spreading, were long, almost to her ankles. Her dress was light-colored, white or grey; she had long white gloves on. I did not move. I did not ask, 'Who are you?' I asked, 'Where am I?' as they do in fairy tales.

"'In our garden,' she said.

"'Why, it isn't a garden,' I said.

"'Oh, yes, it is our garden. See?' She pointed down the hill.

"I sat up then. Down through the trees where she pointed I saw lawn and flower beds. She asked me: 'Will you come?' She spoke gravely, politely.

"I started down after her. I saw other children, three or four. They were all in queer kids' clothes, clothes of the 'eighties, I guess. I saw a house. A low typical Cape cottage, meadows right up the eaves, grey shingled, old as old, but inside it was bright and clean. I went nearer and could see into a window. There was a white ruffled curtain, moving a little, a red flower in a pot on the sill. An old woman sat in a rocker. Her eyes were closed.

"I had a clear thought of myself standing there, quite alone. There wasn't a sound in the world."

Moffett paused. The sail leaned to a passing breath. There were small creaking and stretching sounds as the rigging strained taut.

Beth Austin said: "You can see the road on the Island now, the one you walked."

He said: "It isn't ghosts we fear so much as our own awful inward powers. But that's not interesting. Let it go. Point is, I turned round and went quickly back up the hill through the grove of locusts. I heard the wind and the surf. I found the path and walked fast, and faster. I was terrified. I heard or thought I heard a voice far away back of me 'Man, man—where are you?' It was faint. I heard an oven bird begin urgently wildly near at hand. The two sounds merged.

"So I turned back."

Beth Austin said: "You turned back!"

"Yes. I was afraid I'd imagined it all. I had to go back. Everything had slightly changed. Mind, there was still plenty of light. The locusts were on the wrong side of the path and there were more of them: also all distance

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had doubled. I went down through the locusts again. Bull briar pulled at me and waist-high brush. I fetched up, my heart pounding, in the hollow, and there in the last light of the day stood that house. Oh, there was a house, all right.

"Its windows were broken holes; half the roof was gone. The chimney had toppled so long ago that grass grew among the heap of its bricks before the door. There were no flowers, no children in ancient dress, no old woman cosy in her chair, eyes closed.

"I looked inside and saw a rocking chair, lying in the black ruin.

"That was the worst. If there hadn't been anything there at all . . ."

IV

Beth Austin leaned forward looking straight ahead under the boom. The idle tiller moved slightly against her. He could see the pulse in her neck beating, but could not guess what a thundering that made in her mind. Her hands tight together were pressed between blue corduroy knees.

He said: "I walked for miles, got lost, and it was black night when I found that Quahauger's boat at last. I got home somehow and found my aunt worried frantic.

"I'd learned one thing, dreamy long walks alone listening for birds weren't for me. So that glimpse, that whatever you might call it, changed my life. In other ways. For years I'd hear her voice: 'Run home, run home!' Home? Where was home? I would see her in my memory. I did my best to get over that . . ."

Beth put one hand on his arm. He felt the slight pressure of her fingers, each one. Eddie, the Finn glanced aft. He stood up.

"A long time, years later, I told my wife," Moffett said. Beth started as if just now she realized that her hand was on his arm, brought it back to her knees.

"She said it was a dream, a pretty obvious one; she was knowing in a Freudian way; but you see it *wasn't* a dream. I was awake."

Eddie dropped the anchor.

In the dinghy, Eddie rowing, Moffett stared at the hills grey with moss, green in patches of hop cranberry. Across the white beach a broad path started. Beth walked ahead.

He asked: "Do you know where we are going?"

"Oh, yes." It was the first word she had spoken for a long time, he realized.

"It was the girl," Moffett said. "In my memory I fell in love with her."

Beth stopped. "There's where we were." Looking down through a fold in the hills they saw a bit of beach, the water and the white boat, very small.

The path widened and they walked side by side. He reached for her hand but she didn't want his. They were walking downward now. She set a faster pace. There were tall trees ahead. He did not recognize them. When they stood in their grove Beth

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said, "You see, they've grown in eighteen years."

Her voice was strange. He realized that she was pale and breathless, as if in fear.

The grass was thick among the grey trunks. He said, as his heart jumped: "Why there's a garden down there!"

Clear of the trees Moffett saw the house, low, grey shingled. The shutters were closed.

"I'm sorry," Beth said. "It's a real house. Do you want to touch it?"

V

"The day is still bright, still wonderful," Beth told him. They were resting, she on a bench near a great lilac clump, he on the grass.

"No, it's like a day you turn to after a parting at a railroad station."

"What did you expect?"

"I don't know."

Beth had taken him over the next hill into the next hollow. She had said that of all the houses once on Captain's Island two had remained: and they like the others (burned, torn down, moved to the mainland) were in hollows the better to withstand winter's gales, looked due south, and had been, like so many old Cape houses, identical. But one had gone to ruin.

"Your wife," Beth asked—"when you tell her, what will she say? Will she be amused?"

He was surprised. "My wife? We went our ways; she died in California two years ago. She had married again. You thought . . .? Obviously, you did. No, no, I'm alone." He added, "Entirely alone now . . . I wish . . ."

"You were going to say that you wish you hadn't come?"

"No."

She put her hand over his.

He looked down at her hand brown and warm against his. "Why did she wear gloves and those ancient clothes?"

"They were from the trunks upstairs under the eaves. They were my grandmother's. When she woke up and I was calling 'Man, man, where are you?' because I had a piece of my birthday cake.

"Grandmother came out with other grown-ups. They all acted so strangely. They said, 'No, no, Beth, you imagined it!' and then I cried. They were worried. They wouldn't let me run along the path after him. I've always remembered and wondered. Oh, I knew you when I saw you the day you arrived at the Inn."

"You were calling 'Run home, run home . . .'?"

"We were playing a game. Oh, I'm so sorry."

"Why?"

"It adds up to such simple good everyday sense."

"It adds up to wonder," he said. "Listen . . ."

"Eddie," Beth said. "He thinks we are lost."

He kissed her, for a long time held her. "Lost?" He said softly at last: "Oh, on the contrary."

—Norman Matson

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THE LAWYER HEARS A JOKE

THOSE TWO IRISHMEN HAVEN'T A CHINAMAN'S CHANCE AGAINST A HAIR-TRIGGER LEGAL MIND

"You'll like this. It seems there were a couple of Irishmen—"

"One minute please. What do you mean by 'it seems?' Kindly make that statement a little more definite."

"Well, there *were* a couple of Irishmen, Pat and Mike, and Pat said to Mike—"

"Hold on. What were their last names?"

"Their last names. Why, how should I know?

"Kindly answer the question put to you. Their last names?"

"I don't know."

"Oh. You don't know. Very well, where did you know these alleged Irishmen?"

"I *didn't* know them. I merely heard that—"

"You heard. And from whom did you hear this?"

"Why, er—why I don't recall. Some friend of mine told me—"

"And you can't even recall the name of the friend?"

"No. I can't."

"Hm. Very interesting. Very interesting indeed. How do you know the alleged principals in this alleged incident were Irishmen? Or do you?"

"Why—well, of *course* they were Irishmen. That's what makes the whole point of the story."

"I presume, then, that you intend to produce reliable witnesses who *saw* these Irishmen?"

"Certainly not. I mean these weren't actual characters. They were—"

"Just a minute. At the outset you testified that there *were* two Irishmen, and now, in direct contradiction of that testimony, you are saying that there were *not* two Irishmen. Are you acquainted with the laws concerning perjury in this state?"

"Er—no. I'm not."

"That may turn out to be unfortunate for you. Well, continue. Just where did this alleged incident concerning the two Irishmen take place?"

"I don't know."

"Oh, you don't!"

"No, and maybe they were Scotchmen—or even Fiji Islanders. And besides, the more I think of it, the surer I am that it's a lousy joke anyhow. So good-bye, and it's been very horrible to make your acquaintance I'm sure."

—Tracy Perkins

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EUPHORIA'S FORGOTTEN MAN

GRAHAM WAS HIGH PANJANDRUM OF LONGEVITY, BUT HE FAILED TO PRACTICE WHAT HE PREACHED

AMERICANS today, reflecting on many things, as they enjoy the benefits of a clean and healthy living unknown to the less fortunate inhabitants of other countries, give hardly a thought to Sylvester Graham. His invention of whole wheat flour has provided a bread which, the experts agree, in addition to being a chromatic contrast on the sandwich plate, is one of the healthiest of foods for the human body. Every time they bathe, or take a walk for exercise and fresh air, or shake their heads at a second helping for fear of an oversupply of calories and carbohydrates, or show a concern for their friends' physical well-being with the greeting "How are you?" they are acting in accordance with theories instigated by him.

Graham put America on the road to good living—the modern conception of it, that is. And it almost made a martyr of him. A riot, so large that the combined forces of the mayor couldn't quell it, occurred at Boston in 1837, with Graham as the center of attraction. A mob of bakers and butchers virtually bankrupt because of his dining room theories, attacked him during a lecture, in a desperate attempt to preserve their economic status. He was saved by a large number of his followers who shoveled slaked lime upon the crowd from windows in the lecture hall.

Dietetics and cleanliness were exceedingly radical for Graham's day. For gluttony was a good old American custom and bathing was not. The gout, indigestion, and other ills arising from eating, were marks of excellent living. And bathing was unfavorably regarded, since to wash away dirt was to wash away the mark of honest toil —the noble insignia of the hard working man. The early history of our country is flush with saviors of men's souls. Graham was the first to seek salvation through the body. He was the apostle of euphoria, the psychology of cultivating a sense of well-being.

Born 1794 in Suffield, Connecticut, the seventeenth child of an English emigrant, Graham was one of those melodramatic little boys who, in the 18th century, nearly always turned out to be harbingers. It is true that his energetic striving for accomplish-

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ment was perhaps the result of an attempt to convince himself that the tubercular symptoms he had did not mark him for a weak man, but that could not be helped. Fear of physical inferiority is not easily exorcised.

While studying for the ministry at Amherst Academy, in 1823, he was dubbed "stage actor" and "mad enthusiast" by fellow students because of his eloquence and mannerisms when on the platform. At the faculty's suggestion, Graham left the course unfinished, confident that he was capable of becoming a minister without their help. Soon thereafter, according to Horace Greeley, himself a follower of the health system Graham was eventually to establish, Graham was preaching as a Presbyterian minister in New Jersey. In 1830, he was made general agent for the Pennsylvania Temperance Society, and by the next year, he had worked out a theory that a vegetarian diet would expunge all desire for stimulants. Then he began promising, to all who followed his system, a ripe old age, and a life without disease of any kind.

Everyone, it seemed, wanted to enjoy health and live after sixty, because Graham, like Byron, awoke one morning and found himself famous, an authority on all questions on life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

From people of all ages came the letters. One young man wanted to know if the use of flannel under-garments contributed to the health and comfort of man. The reply was that the body would be more healthy and vigorous without flannels than with them. Some time later, the boy indicated that after taking Mr. Graham's advice, he was no longer bothered with any of the old time discomforts.

Another letter wanted to know, please, what effect chocolate had on the human system. The sender was concisely informed that chocolate was the vilest of compounds.

The diet that Graham concocted was a highly privative affair. The chief foods were vegetables and fruits, and they were to be eaten in as near their natural state as possible. Out of this there grew a certain preference for some vegetables over others. Those vegetables that grew pointing upwards toward Heaven were the healthier ones. Those that grew pointing downwards toward the fiery place, such as carrots and beets, were considered less salubrious.

Here are a few of the things that were strictly prohibited. No flesh meats, gravies, or fish of any kind. No pepper, mustard, oil, or vinegar. No tea, coffee, hot water, wine, tobacco, cider, or beer. Even after-dinner naps, pastries, desserts, broths, and soups—"soups are altogether too complicated to be healthy!"

One of the contemporary Boston journals suggested, in all sobriety—"Pure cold water makes a very excellent substitute for coffee. Its flavor is delicious. Try it!"

There followed an epidemic of boarding houses based on the Graham

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system. Everything was *a la* Graham, from open bedroom windows during the night, cold baths in the morning, to lights out at 10 p.m. Even the beds. To be healthful, a mattress must be made of corn husks or curled palm leaf.

When Graham began writing books, his frankness, set in black and white, proved to be twice as potent. He shocked the prudish with his common sense discourses to mothers. And again when he issued *The Young Man's Guide to Chastity*, which was subsequently published in England and Germany. But when he published his *Treatise on Bread and Bread Making*, Graham sailed too near the wind. The bakers acted.

He had specified, like a present day picket, that people were not to patronize the bakeries. He asserted that bakers were capable of villainy. They could mix flours when no one was looking. For that reason, bread, to be healthful, must be baked at home, under strict personal supervision. So, when the bakers could no longer sell their rolls and biscuits, they decided that if they couldn't use their rolling pins in their kitchens, they were going to use them in a certain lecture hall in Boston.

To combat diffusing opposition to Grahamism, David Gambell began editing in April, 1837, a weekly publication in Boston, "designed to illustrate by facts, and sustain by reason and principles, the science of human life as taught by Sylvester Graham." It was called *The Graham Journal of Health and Longevity*. It didn't survive for long; in December, 1839, it was gone.

And Graham's influence, too, was gone. He became the subject of ridicule, satirical editorials, and jokes—Emerson in his journal called him "the poet of bran bread and pumpkins." He published *The Philosophy of Sacred History* in 1841, its object being to prove that the Scriptures harmonized with his health doctrines, but it met with indifference. The health movement had passed from his hands.

When Graham was fifty-seven, the dread of his lifetime overtook him. True, he had been confined to a sickbed before, but he had married his nurse and rationalized the whole experience. This time he had no doubt that he would die what he regarded as a disgraceful death. Vainly he attempted to save himself by submitting to stimulants and warm baths. Thus, the man who promised good health and old age to others never enjoyed them himself.

In 1851, the pioneer of modern hygiene passed into virtual oblivion. And so he has remained. No one has written a comprehensive study of his life and work, only a few encyclopedias —not all of them—provide some information about him in their own laconic way; his writings lie sequestered in grim recesses of the larger libraries, unknown to anyone but a few learned historians. For the present at least, the preservation of Graham's name is relegated to the cracker box.

—Louis Magrini

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A NOTE ON BEETHOVEN

ALL BUT OMNIPOTENT IN HIS MUSIC, HE LED AN EXISTENCE THAT WAS ONLY TOO HUMAN

NAPOLEON'S eagles had long since pounced on Vienna. The vigil that preceded the arrival of the cannon at Wagram was now only a memory. The elegant and pleasure-loving aristocracy were again occupied in their salons. Never had they been more sensitive and subtle in their taste for beauty and their love of music.

On the evening of May 7, 1824, amid the rustling of gala crinolines, the gleam of jeweled snuff-boxes, diamond-studded lorgnettes and military decorations, the gaiety of flowered waistcoats and frilled stocks, they packed the Royal Imperial Court Theatre alongside the *Kärthnerthor*, for a GRAND MUSICAL CONCERT BY L. VAN BEETHOVEN, most famous composer of the day. Expectancy ran high, for the bills stated that Herr Beethoven himself would participate in the general direction.

There he sat in the orchestra, his back to the audience, his head in the score, beating time. At the end there were shouts of "*Viva!*" and sally after sally of applause filled the hall.

But the little man who was the cause of all this kept on waving his hands until one of the soloists, who had been told by the conductor to watch Beethoven but not to follow his directions, tugged at the old composer's sleeve and pointed to the shouting audience. In the midst of all, he had heard nothing.

This was the same Beethoven who, fifteen years before, had burst out from the cellar of his brother's house, music-paper in hand and a pillow tied over his ears, to double his fist in the face of a French officer and shout, "Be quiet and get away! If I knew as much about strategy as I do about counterpoint, I'd set you louts on the run!"

This was the jokester who, upon receiving his brother's card—*Johann van Beethoven, Land Owner*—returned his own inscribed *Ludwig van Beethoven, Brain Owner* . . . who, when asked about a difficult violin passage, said "Do you believe I think of a puling fiddle when the spirit speaks to me?" . . . and who claimed singers should be able to do everything but touch their noses with their tongues.

This was the boasting cynic, rich in scorn and rich in his love of humanity,

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who wrote his benefactor: "Prince, you are what you are through the accident of birth. I am what I am through myself. There are plenty of princes and there will be thousands more. There will be only one Beethoven."

Here was the supreme individualist, the superman who could talk to his God as an equal—and he was helpless, standing deaf amidst his own creations, hearing less than the least of men.

For posterity, it may have been a blessing. As Wagner contended, "His genius, delivered from the impress of external things, existed wholly for itself." But to Beethoven it was the central tragedy of his life, a catastrophe from which he never recovered. "Imagine my humiliation when one who stood beside me heard the distant sound of a shepherd's pipe and I heard nothing. . . . I must forego the companionship of my fellows, intelligent intercourse, mutual exchange of thoughts. I must live like an exile. . . ."

This was not easy, for Beethoven was no recluse. Celebrated at thirty—"Beethoven, Vienna" a sufficient address—a lion of the drawing-room, supreme in improvising, able to break the strings of a piano with a single chord, he captivated his listeners and was, in turn, intoxicated by their praise. Sincerely inconsistent, he might despise society, but he could not do without it. Scorn fashion, yes! but, also, lift his head high over a beautiful white stock. Make light of decorations, certainly! but, at the same time, insist on wearing the big gold medal sent him by the King of France until he found it was pulling his collar out of shape.

Gnarled and stubby, bushy-bearded and pock-marked, raucous-voiced, clumsy with broad red hands and closely bitten finger nails, never able to dance in time, his table manners so primitive that people avoided him, Beethoven still succeeded where many an Adonis would have failed. Like every normal man, he had many "mortal beloveds," and one he enshrined in eternity beside Petrarch's Laura and Dante's Beatrice. His letter to her, written in pencil and badly punctuated, found among his papers after death and presumably returned during the all-is-over-between-us stage, is—unless Beethoven amused himself by imaginary correspondence—testimony to the sublimity of his ardor and the intensity of his passion.

Yet, he never knew what it means to have a home and a woman to love and watch over him. Few were willing to take that responsibility, and those who were, he would not have. He fought his battles alone.

Living with him, it is true, would have been like living with a gorilla. He spat out the window if he remembered, but often he spat into the mirror. He knocked ink-pots into his piano, scribbled on the shutters, threw chairs and smashed vases. He cooled off by emptying a jug of water over his head, with lordly disregard of the ceilings below. He pottered about in a

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welter of manuscripts, old meals, old clothes, old *truhen*—all deep in layers of dust. Shaving by the open window in his night shirt, he never understood why he attracted attention. "Damn those boys! What are they snooping at?" he would ask.

To visit him was a perilous adventure, even for his friends. When composing, he was like a wild man. He would go round and round his room, singing, shouting, stamping, beating his hands on the furniture. He was chronically over- or under-fed; the food he ate at home was unbelievable —the soup, dishwater and grease; the beef, leather; the vegetables a soggy mess. Two pretty young girls secured themselves an invitation to dine with him, and spent the next week in bed recovering.

No servants could stay with him: married couples, lackeys, the youthful maid "with the tread of an elephant," the wrinkled old cook—all were kicked out, their clothes after them. Then Beethoven would quarrel with his landlord and complain of the neighbors, and move. He changed addresses twenty-seven times during his last years in Vienna. To the end, life around him proceeded *allegro di confusione*.

★ ★ ★

Not so, his art. There, he was master. In his tumultuous *scherzos*, his Promethean *allegros*, the large and noble utterance of his slow movements, from the trios of opus I to the later sonatas, the uncompanioned last quartets, and the *Missa Solemnis*, his inner forces are in perfect equilibrium. He projected design after design, and realized each with the utmost unity and logic and economy. His sketchbooks reveal the most momentous struggles in history and the most satisfying triumphs of a mighty soul.

As a man, he may have been "blessedly unfortunate," utterly untamed, a crank and a self-tormentor, dishonest with his publishers and his friends. His morality may have been a myth. By his "whining," he may (as Ernest Newman contends) have elevated his domestic troubles with his nephew to the rank of a world tragedy, and pawned himself off as a symbol of undeserved unhappiness. He may not be a person who can be taken at his own estimate or at his biographer's. Judged by the common yardstick, he is one of the strangest and most egotistical figures in music.

But whether or not he embodied the best Sunday School virtues, and no matter how much (or how little) he was racked and compromised by the plain task of living—his music remains.

That is enough. For, as he himself said, "Those who understand my music must become free from the suffering that others endure."

Today, his heroic voice rises from the silence and fills a dwelling unlike any other, in which all men can, for a brief moment, be exalted and ennobled and find solace and security and joy. —CARLETON SMITH

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EVEN we, who are guilty of the deed, are aware by this time that we have been "Verving" this page to a fare thee well. But the second issue of VERVE has just come off the press—and it is *magnifique!* We couldn't resist telling you about it any more than a father could refrain from expounding the virtues of a second-born son who weighed in bigger and better than Volume 1, Number 1. But to compensate for this firm grasp on your lapel, and just for the fun of it, we'll demonstrate as we go along that editors are human—even the editor of the International Quarterly of the Arts—by quoting selected passages from E. Teriade's letter commenting on the contents of the second issue.

Concerning an article entitled *Du Nu* and subtitled *A Theoretical Phantasy on the Human Body*, a genuinely beautiful essay by Paul Valéry of the French Academy: "Valéry was very busy and it is a miracle we have been able to get this article."

Concerning *A Phoenix Park Nocturne* by James Joyce: "The literate public is speaking about Joyce just now, which makes this author very much in fashion."

Concerning *The Psychology of the Renaissances* by André Malraux: "Amongst the illustrations, Malraux insisted on one of Giotto's reproductions being printed reversed, and this little reproduction will intrigue the reader and be amusing."

Less typically behind-the-scenes comments were made by Mr. Teriade concerning articles by André Gide, André Suares, Ernest Hemingway, Pierre Reverdy, Henri Michaux, Roger Caillois and Georges Batille.

The illustrations of the second issue include eight beautiful full page reproductions in four-color gravure and gold on the theme of the Apocalypse; eight pages of lithographs in seven colors, taken from a curious 15th century astrological manuscript, *The Twelve Houses of Heaven;* four original lithographs by Masson and Kandinsky; thirty-four pages of master photographs; and three paintings by Braque (who has also designed the cover for this issue). There are also individual reproductions of paintings by Giotto, Uccello, Ingres, Bosch, and Renoir. Then, too, there are such curiosities as an authentic portrait of his nurse by Louis XIII.

Mr. Teriade comes right out and says: "I think I have mobilized in Paris the best in everything that Paris and the other capitals of the world can give." And no one can deny that the second issue of VERVE, a more brilliant edition in every respect than the first, nobly bears out that claim.

Nor would we be quite human ourselves if we failed to add that Volume 1, Number 2 of VERVE is now on sale at the newsstands at $2.50 per copy, and that copies at that price (or subscriptions to the four quarterly issues for $10) may also be secured by addressing the sole American representatives for VERVE: Esquire-Coronet, Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

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CORONET

for

APRIL

1938

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ARNOLD GINGRICH

EDITOR

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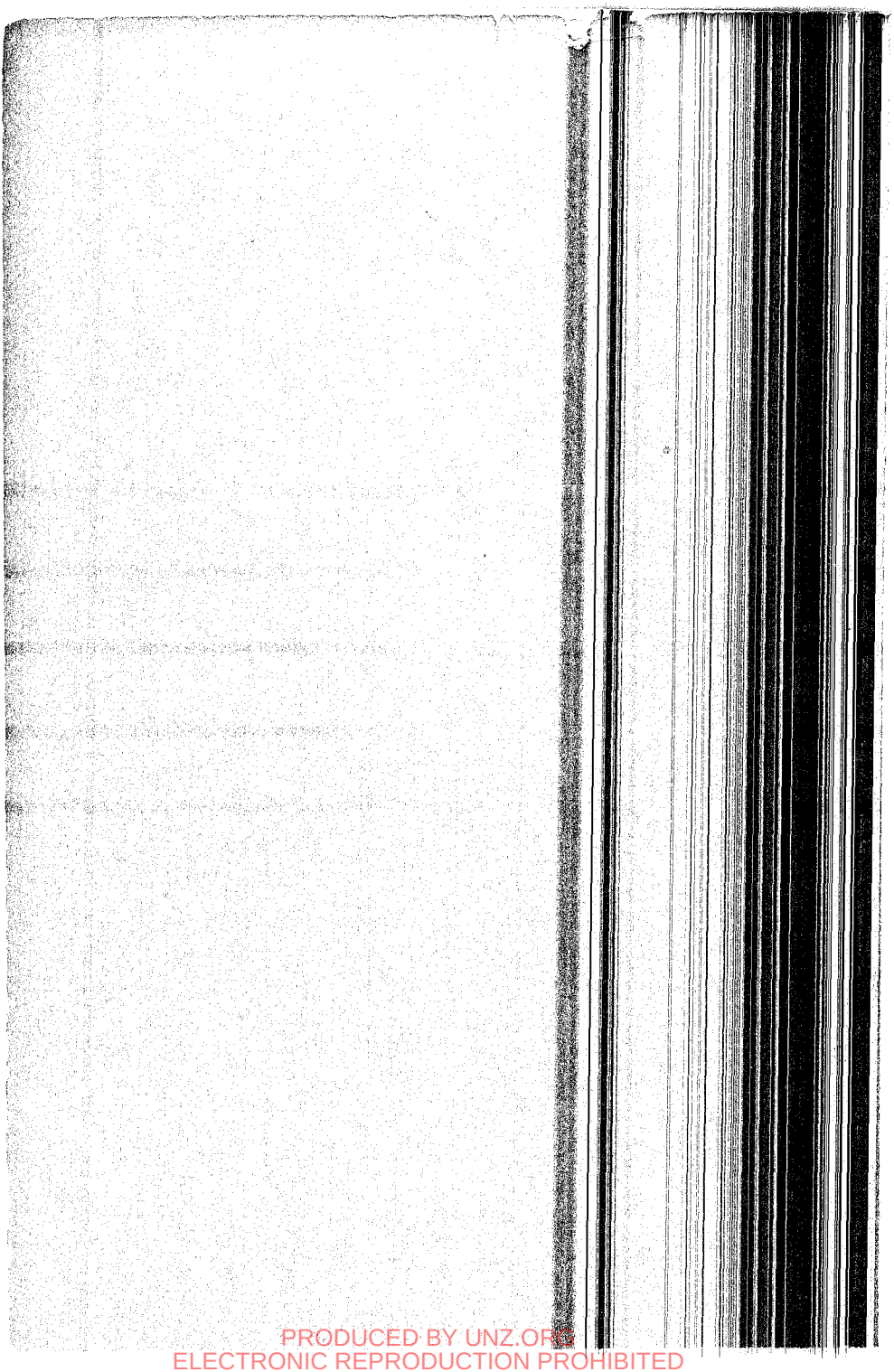
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